JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1951

3D EVERY THURSDAY

FULL SPEED AHEAD! By The Editor

WHY WE MUST PLAN by SWAFFER

HITLER'S RUSSIAN BALANCE SHEET By A.G.G.

Use

MAZO

tablets to energize the soap-suds, and to do the hard work for you!

MAZO

Soap Energizing Tablets

Three packets, each of 5 tablets, for 1 coupon

MZ 88A-941

Selling Agents: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., LONDON, E.15

Where's my

BOURNVILLE COCOA?

She looks forward to her Bournville Cocoa with its rich chocolate flavour—though she may not be much concerned about these 5 reasons why it does her good: (1) *Extra* nourishment, (2) an aid to digestion, (3) contains iron, the blood enricher, (4) *and* phosphates for healthy growth, (5) *and* the Sunshine Vitamin D.

NO POINTS—AND STILL **5d A QUARTER**

Children have a special claim to Horlicks

—please leave it for them

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

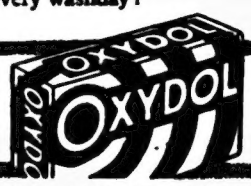
BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

You want to make your clothes last longer? Then beware of hard rubbing and scrubbing in the washtub. Always use Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap that washes everything spanking clean the safe, gentle way. Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather certainly gives longer life to your whites and coloureds, and saves your clothes coupons every washday!

3½d. size—1 coupon
7d. size—2 coupons
A Class 1 Product
At your s'op.

REMEMBER This is the third week of Ration Period No. 4 (Oct. 31 - Nov. 6)



DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

On Active Service

Electricity is on a war job.

Save fuel today for the war! Electricity will enter the service of peace with a great new skill and power.

EDA

EVERY BOTTLE makes as many cups of good coffee as ever

'CAMP' COFFEE

FULL STRENGTH
FINE FLAVOUR

FOOD FACTS

MORE ORANGES *in the shops but* MOST *in the bottle!*

Oranges are in the shops again, and there will be 2 lbs. each for the holders of green (R.B.2) ration books, and 1 lb. a head for the older children with the blue book (R.B.4). That's good news, but don't let it stop you from going to your welfare or distribution centre for the children's *bottled* orange juice and cod liver oil. After all, 2 lbs. of oranges doesn't mean many, six oranges at the most, and there's the juice of *twelve oranges* concentrated in one bottle of orange juice. Two bottles a month is 24 oranges!

Why *Babies and Children should have Orange Juice*

Orange juice contains vitamin C, a vitamin we are apt to go short of in wartime. Vitamin C keeps the blood healthy and raises the power of resistance to infection. Lack of vitamin C is responsible for sallow skin, bleeding gums and nose, and flabby tissues. *Three teaspoonfuls of concentrated orange juice in water daily supplies a child with the necessary amount of vitamin C.*

Why *Babies and Children should have Cod Liver Oil*

Cod liver oil contains vitamin D—something else that babies and children are likely to go short of. Vitamin D fixes the calcium in the bones. A shortage of this vitamin means rickets, badly formed bones, bad teeth. *Every baby from a month old should have a teaspoonful of fish liver oil every day.*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 173

YOU HAVE JUST HEARD A TALK ON GREEK PHILOSOPHY...

... BUT THEY WERE NOT LISTENING

Because they were enjoying themselves nobody bothered to switch off the radio, so electricity was wasted and the life of the valves shortened.

Valves are on war service nowadays and replacements are hard to get—so when you are not really listening . . . SWITCH OFF!

One day there will be plenty of new Mullard Sets and Valves available, and then you too, like the thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who today are enjoying trouble-free, true-tone listening can once again insist on . . .

MULLARD
RADIO VALVES AND SETS

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES!

MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2 (5791)

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 6, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

LET'S BE READY!

IN war, as in a game of chance, skill can make something of the worst of throws. We should do well to remember this old maxim now that the desperation of Germany's plight figures so frequently in the headlines.

For, though hard-pressed as never before, and probably lacking many material things, not even the most buoyant optimist would pretend that she is deficient in skill.

On Guard

The very measure of her desperation should make us redouble our guard. For Nazi Germany has more than skill: she has fiendish ingenuity, stubborn resourcefulness, and ruthless courage.

Her leaders may realise in their hearts that they have indeed made the worst of throws and that victory is impossible. But that will not deter them from exerting every ounce of skill in trying to snatch *something* from the teeth of defeat.

Our Aim

Knowing that, our one aim should be to hasten the day of defeat. From now on our blows should be ceaseless, swift, and as powerful as we can make them.

Air Blow

One such blow was undoubtedly dealt in the recent raid on Kassel. In the estimation of the Chief of our Bomber Command, it was "one of the best" in R.A.F. annals, which means one of the worst for Germany.

Be sure that more devastating raids will follow as weather permits. And weather has got to be pretty bad to deter the boys of Bomber Command!

Portents

More good news for us, and correspondingly bad news for the enemy, is contained in the announcement that a Tactical Air Force is ready to back the next big assault on Hitler's European fortress.

General Smuts said we should be "closing in" on that fortress before this year ends. If that means invasion from any point between Norway and Brest, the new T.A.F. will be there.

Designed for Victory

Trained under Vice-Air Marshal John D'Albiac, it has profited from all the lessons learned by Tedder's successful "set-up" in the Mediterranean.

Among other things, it has specialised in mobility. Its fighters, fighter-bombers, light and medium bombers, can be switched at short notice over vast distances to ensure a maximum of striking power wherever it may be most needed.

Double Threat

This ominous shadow falls upon Hitler's Western wall just at the moment when a third of his army in Russia faces disaster.

The long retreat goes on. Some reports say that it is orderly; others that it is very nearly a rout. But no one can say where the Germans may elect to fix a final line or whether they will be given any choice in the matter.

Balkan Blues

In the south, too, the enemy has plenty to harass him, even though, by desperate skill, he has succeeded in slowing down the adyance of the Fifth and Eighth Armies.

That he is especially apprehensive about the Balkans is evidenced by the galaxy of Nazi talent which has been rushed there for urgent conference.

What of Bulgaria?

One leading fear has been that Bulgaria would follow Italy's lead and throw in her hand. She is not at war with Russia, remember, and is also the centre of a strong pan-Slavonic movement.

Rumania, too, is disillusioned and jumpy.

To offset obvious dangers, Rumanian and Bulgarian defences have been strengthened by the Nazis, who have a wary eye upon the Russian Black Sea navy.

And Greece!

Greece, under ruthless military government—except in remote areas where guerillas roam—is being bitterly attacked in the German Press for her "lack of co-operation" with the New Order.

Her strategic position as a possible point for United Nations invasion provides a source of perpetual worry for the Germans.

Ocean Nightmares

With headaches all round the map, the enemy seeks desperately to snatch some semblance of success at sea. The U-boats are failing visibly; very well, then, let the E-boats fill the breach!

"Bite through Britain's arteries!" was the dramatic order from Admiral Doenitz to his crews.

Out in Packs

So the E-boats went to it. They started using pack tactics, based on those used by the U-boats. And, in the Channel, they had the powerful support of the big coastal batteries at Calais and Cap Griz Nez.

They were urged by Goebbels to bring back some good news to offset the welter of gloom from the main battlefronts.

But their successes so far have been negligible, and last week, as everyone knows, they took a sound thrashing.

Japan's Losses

Sea shocks have also been sustained at the other end of the Axis in the Far East. Our Pacific air and sea offensive goes well. The Japanese, already beaten in the air, now face a position of naval inferiority.

Rabaul, which she had turned into a powerful base during her two years of occupation, may fall sooner than we expect.

Recent air blows have enabled McArthur to revise his views about what he once thought might prove a prohibitively costly task.

Moscow Talks

The tremendous success of the Moscow talks must have worried the enemy far more than he has cared to admit.

He had hoped they would collapse. Instead, complete agreement has been reached in record time.

With unity thus assured, the speedier prosecution of the war, which we have demanded repeatedly, is now certain.

Nearer Home

Meanwhile, much talk with an important bearing upon the world's future has been going on nearer home.

One of the talkers is Sir Stafford Cripps, who has said some wise things about international co-operation.

A Start Made

We have made a good start with such organisations as the United Nations Relief Association and the Food Committee set up after the Hot Springs Conference, says Sir Stafford.

And he adds that it looks as if problems of finance and commodity control and civil aviation might be dealt with in the same way.

JOHN BULL has been advocating this for months.

No Civil Air War!

Particularly have we stressed this need in connection with air transport and all communications.

For we hear too much talk at home about "getting in first," "maintaining prestige," "keeping the lead." And from America comes a report that "preliminary jockeying by those who want to get a hand quickly into the air transport field when peace comes has converted the offices of the civil aeronautics board into a semi-madhouse."

All Eyes on the Air

Rail chiefs and shipowners everywhere are exploring the possibilities of launching air lines after the war. We wouldn't decry their enterprise or desire for progress; but we would stress one point:

All transport should serve the community.

Lord Leathers has expressed the hope that the spirit in which problems of war time transport have been solved will be maintained in peace time.

Hope is not enough. We should plan *now* while the spirit is still in being.

Truth Stands

For what is true of war is equally true of peace. No one can stand alone. No one nation or group of nations can prosper at the expense of trampling its neighbours underfoot.

We have all got to be good neighbours and prosper together—or resign ourselves to world chaos.

Let us get this world vision firmly in our mind's eye, and never let it fade.

India's Future

One example of vision is afforded in a report, "The Future of India," by Professor R. Coupland.

This is based on three years of intensive study under arrangements made by the Warden and Fellows of Nuffield College, Oxford.

One original suggestion put forward is that the Swiss Constitution might be adapted to India's needs.

A Big Voice

Of significance, too, is the announcement that a world conference of Trade Unions is to be held in London in May or June of next year.

For, on the proposed agenda are problems of post-war reconstruction and the reorganisation of the international trade union movement.

Remember that the I.L.O. survived the wreckage of the League of Nations. The voice of Labour will be a power in future planning.

Transition

The next twelve months will be the most fateful in the world's history. Should peace come suddenly, they will produce problems which will dwarf anything we have faced and surmounted during the war.

A vast programme may be expected in the new Parliamentary session which opens before this month ends. The King's Speech will reveal some of the Govenment's ideas on the transition to Peace.

(Continued overleaf)

● *JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance Policy (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.*

● **Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

RED TAPE SAGA

● **William Smith, of Mansfield, is a coal-face worker—the sort of man the country is depending on. With the four coupons he had left from the last allocation he bought a pair of pit boots, and with the twenty in the present allocation he got an overcoat, which he'd needed for five years, and a pair of socks. A fortnight ago an accident at work ruined his left boot.**

The manager, the under-manager, and the colliery secretary could not help him, as they said the Board of Trade had recalled all coupon vouchers for pit boots.

The secretary 'phoned to the Mine Controller, who referred him to the Ministry of Labour, who referred him to the National Service Officer, who referred him to the Food Office, who referred him to the Excise and Customs Office.

Still no boots.

The case was referred to the Customs Office at Grimsby. All the authorities were told that eight or nine tons of coal a day were being lost till someone cut the red-tape. But William Smith had to wait for his boots.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SOME of the stars have been getting too much of the limelight lately. It's all very well on the stage, but when the beam switches on to comfortable war time hideouts, things are not so good.

O.K. for E.N.S.A.

Certain leading artistes are mixing the minimum of national service with the maximum of private profit. But only a few.

That's why it's good to see that E.N.S.A. has brought out a booklet, blowing its own trumpet and, incidentally, showing the vast amount of work British stage and screen stars are doing to cheer up the troops. The weekly total of performances now reaches more than 5,000.

More Show Time

The booklet is for private circulation—so you may not see it. Which is a pity, because there's proof enough that E.N.S.A. deserves more than the fame of music-hall gags. A good point is made by Leslie Henson, who's toured the Middle East, North Africa and Gibraltar. He wants more time for the shows so that they can stay long enough in one area for all the troops to see them. Pathetic letters are constantly coming in to JOHN BULL from men who've missed a show because they've been on duty, and won't get another chance to see one for weeks.

Leslie Henson wants to stay longer

Gagged or Jugged?

The troops at home who are politically minded have found a champion in Viscount St. Davids. In one of those valuable discussions now common in the House of Lords he pressed the Government to allow men in the Forces greater freedom to take part in political meetings.

The answer was that the King's Regulations were interpreted with discretion. That's true. But, in the absence of a definite ruling, many men in uniform keep away from politics. They feel, no doubt, that it's better to be gagged than jugged.

Left Standing

Not every soldier wants to go in for politics. But in these days of isolated camps there are very few who don't value the kindness of a "lift" from a passing motorist.

An Army officer kept watch on the road to Cheltenham several evenings lately. He tells us that not one car in twenty stops to pick up a soldier. As often as not, the driver's by himself and there are three or four vacant seats.

Meanest of All

To refuse a lift into town may mean robbing a soldier of a few hours' real change away from camp life. It's mean and selfish.

But for real meanness it's difficult to beat the men in the Forces themselves who steal the belongings of their dead comrades.

Lost Memories

An airman was missing over the Ruhr. His wife heard through the Red Cross that he had been buried at Dusseldorf. There was nothing left her but memories and a few of her husband's possessions as keepsakes.

A parcel came, but it contained nothing belonging to her husband. His silver cigarette case had gone: there was a tin one in its place. Even his shoes had been taken.

Two Visitors . . .

A week or so ago a furniture maker at Ashford in Kent had two visitors. One was a man in the trade who told him of a firm allowed to make up to £1,000 worth of reproduction furniture a month. That meant about nine suites at £100 apiece, with a few oddments thrown in.

The other visitor was a soldier's wife who was expecting a baby.

Cots Barred

She had travelled from Deal, nearly thirty miles away, to ask if she could possibly have a baby cot made. She couldn't get one anywhere.

The Ashford manufacturer had to refuse. He'd been warned by the Board of Trade that baby cots must not be made.

Yet £100 suites are all right.

Big Money—

Over furniture, the trade can justly complain of Government muddle. But in many other ways some tradesmen are guilty of worse than muddle in these days of high prices.

A Middlesbrough reader tried to get a wireless set repaired, because she valued it for sentimental reasons. After one or two attempts she gave it up, as parts could not be obtained.

—on the Radio

Instead, she got another set from a dealer, who offered her £2 for her own in part exchange.

Passing the shop a couple of weeks later she saw her original wireless in the window. It was marked: "To-day's value, £13 10s.—our price, £12 10s.

Eels and Whisky

That's moneymaking on a grand scale. So is the trade of a Middlesex fishmonger who was asking 8s. a lb. for eels the other day. And telling customers to "Take it or leave it."

There also seems a good chance of profit for the outdoor licence shop at Radcliffe, in Lancashire, where a reader was recently offered a bottle of whisky *and soda* for 12s. 6d. Customers were told they need not add any water.

Mend—and Make

One more case of wartime shopping. A Malvern mother, trying to arrange her wardrobe so that her children could use some of her clothing coupons, asked for estimates from a Knightsbridge firm doing alterations.

They wanted seven and a half guineas for making a frock from an old cardigan suit. *And fifteen guineas for tailoring a costume from the woman's own materials.*

Time-Wasting

Talking of clothing reminds us of some stupid time-wasting which the President of the Board of Trade ought to stop.

A London woman had her clothing coupons stolen. She applied for more in the proper manner with the signature of a police official as evidence of her loss. They sent back a form to fill in asking for details of practically everything she had in her wardrobe, from aprons to liberty bodices.

What answers do they expect from a woman who needs the coupons she's lost?

First in the Field

The other week we asked Mr. Dalton to be kinder over coupons to Boy Scouts who are finding it very difficult to provide uniforms and who see other youth organisations well looked after.

"Don't forget the Scouts were first," we said. That meant the Scouts were formed before the war-time organisations. It did *not* mean, as we're sorry some readers have thought, that the Scouts were founded before the Boys' Brigade.

Brigade Supplies

The Boys' Brigade was, in fact, formed in 1883—25 years or so before the Scouts. And now, though their uniform is simpler, the Boys' Brigade are also finding it hard to get their regulation dress-cap, white haversack and belt. It's not so much a question of coupons with them as supply.

Children First?

In the North, there's been a big return to clogs since the quality of leather shoes has gone down. Parents are buying clogs for their children—when they can. But there's a difficulty which could be soon put right.

Each month cloggers get a ration of clog soles—so many men's, so many women's and so many children's sizes. They have to take the lot, though they can't use all the bigger sizes. So their shops are stacked up with men's soles while they have to refuse orders for children.

● **Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labour, says "the mobilisation of man-power must be regarded as virtually reaching the limit and complete."**

Do you believe it? Or do you believe these statements from a reader who works in a North Country depot of the Air Transport Auxiliary? . . .

"We have seventy-eight men clocking-in each day," he says. "To control them it takes fourteen 'bosses.' For days on end skilled men are standing idle.

"Last week I counted twenty-eight cigarette lighters being made and about thirty brooches.

"A few weeks ago, when some 'big-wigs' came, our orders were to look busy. Some were told to push aircraft into a hangar. Those who couldn't look busy had to go out and sit in 'planes."

Mobilisation *virtually* complete?

Burning Scandal

From waste of wood to waste of coal. . . .

In Essex, a reader tells us, there are thousands of tons of coal which have been accumulating at a dump over the past two years. Frequently it catches fire and there's been a big loss despite the efforts of the local firemen.

2d. a Cwt.

Another reader complains that in Surrey there are two big coal dumps, each of several hundred tons.

They have been there three years and have so deteriorated that a local coalman says the stuff isn't worth 2d. a cwt.

Feathers and Badges

The "White Feather" idiots of the last war who showed off by insulting men in mufti are much rarer these days. But there are some of these exhibitionists left. A colleague — an ex-fighter pilot who's discharge from the R.A.F. through injury — was openly criticised by a loud-mouthed woman in a West End restaurant the other day. And a Pontefract reader (one of many with the same complaint) says he's constantly getting sneers, though he's done his bit and had to leave the Army because of ill-health. "I always wear the King's badge," he says, "but no one seems to recognise it. Can't you help?" We'll try. Ignorant cheap-jacks please note that the badge pictured above means the wearer has served his country and doesn't want any of your gibes.

The King's Badge

Right Retort?

But, apart from this, there's still the difficulty that the badge is only given to men awarded pensions.

Mr. Attlee, usually not an eloquent speaker, explained very neatly in June last year that "under the conditions of total war no man's patriotism can be called in question because he is wearing civilian clothes."

All very well. But you can't speak in that Parliamentary language when you're publicly attacked.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Preparations to "go underground" are being made by the Nazi Party. Plan is to carry on guerilla warfare even after collapse of the German army.**

● *An emergency political underground organisation to perpetuate the Nazi spirit is also being built up. Some of the Nazi Fifth Columnists who worked in Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland have been given the job.*

● Neutral countries are receiving an increasing number of German visitors who are frantically trying to make investments which can survive German defeat.

● **Bulgaria is the latest preoccupation of the German General Staff. Political position inside the country is not favourable to military defence preparations which become necessary as the fighting draws nearer.**

● *Blaming "Russian agents" for unrest and sabotage, German Gestapo experts have arrived in Sofia in great numbers to take violent counter-measures.*

● Desperate attempts by German Field Commanders to maintain morale among troops in Russia has led to a constant exchange of tired units for new recruits, straining the transport service behind the fronts to the limit.

WITHOUT FEAR

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

WE have reached the fifth November of the world war—and, as we point out below in "No German Revolution this Month," November holds black memories for Germany.

The Nazi leaders are terrified lest the German people, drawing inevitable comparisons between this winter and that of 1918, should utterly lose heart.

They themselves no longer hope for total victory: what they are fighting for now is to stave off total defeat.

Their desperation is our opportunity. In boxing parlance, the battle for the world title has gone four terrible rounds, and the enemy is groggy on his pins.

Now is the time to knock him out for the count. A decision on points would satisfy nobody, and settle nothing. It would only compel victor and vanquished to fight again.

This is a time for greatness—a time, perhaps, when nothing could be more dangerous than a policy of safety first.

From every theatre of war the news continues to be good.

But is it as good as it might be? Are we really going *all out* for a quick decision?

The public has been warned again and again against complacency. It has been told that it must on no account assume that the war is as good as won.

JOHN BULL is afraid of a different kind of complacency—and among the leaders rather than the led.

We fear a tendency to accept "the inevitability of gradualness." We share the apprehension expressed by H. G. Wells and some other critics that the Government is content to make a long job of certain victory.

We may be reproached for contrasting the rate of Allied progress in Italy with that of the Soviet armies in Russia, and it is true that nobody outside the Government and the High Command can have knowledge of all the facts.

Nevertheless, the known facts justify some comparison. On the one hand we have seen the Russians storming forward over difficult country against the utmost concentration of enemy strength.

And, on the other, we have observed our own magnificent troops with their American Allies plodding forward at a pace so slow as to call for detailed apology by a British commander.

General Alexander was astonishingly candid. We do not presume to criticise the Allied command, but, on his own admission, the Germans were too quick for us in Italy.

Alexander did not say that we were too slow for them, and yet the advantage of surprise was surely all on our side.

BUT the General's frank speech may well be interpreted as a deterrent to undue optimism over the Italian campaign.

However, we knew before the Germans did that Italian Fascism was at its last gasp. We knew and Marshal Badoglio has since confirmed that Mussolini was ripe to fall "like a rotten pear."

In spite of this, the enemy foresaw our landing at Salerno, rushed troops to halt us there, brought up reinforcements which almost drove us back into the sea, and effectively prevented our easy conquest of Southern Italy, which the neutral world had almost taken for granted.

It is a triumph that we should have established our bridgehead in face of this "unexpectedly" heavy opposition, and that to-day our front should stretch from coast to coast above the boot of the Italian peninsula.

Unhappily, however, we cannot look forward to the swift exploitation of this triumph. On the contrary, we are told that, though all roads lead to Rome, everyone of them has been mined.

And we are led to believe that it will take many months for us to fight our painful way northward to the distant plains of Lombardy.

And by that time the Russians may have crossed the German frontier; or the Nazis may have perfected that "secret weapon" with which they threaten us; or the United Nations may have become disunited through sheer fatigue.

JOHN BULL cannot help feeling that the opportunities thrown open to us by Mussolini's downfall were not exploited as quickly and resolutely as they should have been.

General Alexander has admitted that no plans were made to develop Italian military co-operation, and that whatever help the "Eyeties" did give us was regarded merely as "a bonus."

But that being so, why was it thought "expedient" to accept the Italians as "co-belligerents"?

The Germans have little respect for Italian military power, but *they* took no chances and wasted no time. They made haste to occupy every strong point and to disarm their former Allies.

During this period of lost opportunities, the Allies' only dramatic move—if so it may be termed—was the occupation of two or three islands in the Dodecanese.

Even these we have now lost to the Germans. Perhaps they were not worth the holding, but, in that event, why did we take them?

The Moscow conference must have found an answer to this and other questions and, perhaps, General Alexander's survey of the position in Italy was intended as much for enemy as for home consumption.

JOHN BULL does not pretend to know when or where the Allies will deliver their grand assault upon the European fortress.

But we are certain that they cannot afford to settle down meanwhile to the "slow slogging" which Alexander seemed to envisage.

We repeat that this is a time for greatness. A time for speed. A time for bold strokes, for originality and for imaginative action.

It would be disastrous to allow Hitler another winter in which to marshal all his resources for a desperate final fling. If we cannot smash him this year, we must harry him remorselessly, leaving him not a moment to recuperate.

ALL delay means loss of heart among the hapless peoples of occupied Europe. We have inspired many of Germany's victims to resistance, and we dare not neglect any opportunity to fortify and maintain their efforts.

Some of these opportunities have been neglected, but it is useless to lament the errors of the past. Our sole concern should be to profit from experience, and to be quick to take any new and favourable chances which may occur.

Time-tables and plans have doubtless been agreed upon by our military leaders. Successful campaigns cannot be fought without them.

Even so, it is sometimes dangerous to make haste slowly; sometimes the quality of greatness lies in the courageous disregard of the book of rules.

The Germans, for all their clockwork precision, have gained great successes in this war by the swift exploitation of unexpected opportunity. It is only when things are going against them that they seem unable to vary their scheduled times.

Things are going against them now. Opportunities such as we had and missed in Italy may recur in other theatres.

May our leaders be ready for them. May they be resolved to take them at all costs. For victory is no longer in doubt, but its value to suffering humanity depends entirely upon the speed with which it can be gained.

No German Revolution this Month

THERE will be no German Revolution this month, twenty-five years after the first one.

Not yet. Soon perhaps. But it will very probably be quite different from that which marked the end of the Hohenzollern régime on November 9, 1918.

★ ★ ★

When it will break out the causes will be exactly the same: a second military defeat of Germany at the end of a second world war.

It will not be a bloodless revolution. It will, very probably, be something essentially different.

It will start at the top of the army, on the Eastern Front, and will then spread to the home front.

It is only when the signal will have been given on the Russian battlefields by mutinous divisions that some home garrisons will follow and that German workers—supported by millions of foreign slaves—may be expected to join in.

The reason for the essential difference is that, unlike twenty-five years ago, there is no organised opposition against the war in Germany.

Opposition was wiped out by the *Gestapo* ten years back.

In 1918, in spite of the military state of siege, the continuation of the war could be opposed almost legally.

To-day any demonstration against the war and the Nazi régime, any suggestion that Germany cannot win and that the continuation of the war will only make the final disaster worse, is liable to capital punishment.

★ ★ ★

The Nazi press boasts of executions as a deterrent. Himmler's terrorism is now openly warring against possible opposition.

The Nazi slogan that "the life of the individual counts for nothing when the life of the nation is at stake" is becoming a gruesome reality.

Yet the military situation of Germany in November 1943, is already as hopeless as it was in November 1918.

★ ★ ★

In 1943, contrary to 1918, tens of thousands of civilians in the industrial centres perish through air raids. Hitler's boast that the front lines are still being kept hundreds of miles beyond the borders of the Reich has become meaningless; Germany itself has become a huge battlefield.

So despite terrorism psychological conditions for revolution do exist.

The revolution can only be started by men who are as powerfully armed and organised as the Nazis—which means by the army.

And the Nazis will defend themselves to the last.

The end for Germany is certain to be civil war.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord NORMANBY,
Eaton Square, S.W.1

DEAR LORD NORMANBY,—Germans not only imagine British peers to be still proud, aloof and over-bearing feudal barons, but with a love of regimentation inherent in them fancy that they should be so.

So how you must have puzzled—and perhaps humanised just a little—your Nazi captors in Stalag 9c, from which you have just returned by mercy ship.

For when you arrived there, a casualty from Dunkirk, you decided to devote your every waking hour to those British soldiers round you who, in the first misery of blindness, craved some little contact with the world of light around them.

More desperately than you ever studied at Eton, you taught yourself Braille.

You helped to put on their faces the smiles we saw when they came ashore with you. You had your arm round the oldest. They had your promise of a life-long friendship that would never be broken.

You loved the whole job, I know, and don't want thanks. But may I, in the name of Britons the whole world over, offer it!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice ATKINSON,
King's Bench Division

MY LORD,—Your recent observations on marriage and divorce at the Norfolk and Norwich Assizes are disturbing.

Of 31 petitions for divorce you heard there were no children in 17 cases, and you remarked: "If people want to make married life a success they are not going the right way about it by deliberately abstaining from having children. This attitude does not make for happy marriages."

Those couples able to have children, yet take care not to have them, are, in their selfishness, throwing away the greatest gift that life has to offer. And, as your courts show, they are also sailing close to the quicksands of matrimonial disaster.

The advent of a child has saved many a home from ruin. It will save many more. And in days of darkness or despair the love of a child comes to man or woman like a great healing ray, giving back in untold measure the love that has been lavished on it.

I hope your words are read by every childless couple in the land.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR RICHARDSON,
Lea Valley, Wheathampstead, Herts

DEAR MR. RICHARDSON,—At the age of 75 you have just celebrated your golden wedding. And, such is the youthful vigour of your frame, you still on occasions cycle 70 miles in a day.

You've never been to a doctor or taken medicine. You have never worn either hat or overcoat.

What a world it would be if we were all like you. . . . Empty hospitals, bankrupt doctors, derelict patent medicine factories. . . . No hatters or hat shops . . . no cases in clinics to interest medical specialists.

Yet that is the aim of medicine—to stamp out disease and to make the race 100 per cent. healthy. You are the living proof that the aim is possible.—JOHN BULL.

LORD WAVELL,
Viceroy of India

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—If ever unhappy India needed the help, sympathy and understanding of a Viceroy who is also a MAN, it is to-day. Torn by political strife, and husbanding her strength for the coming clash with Japan, she is now ravaged by famine and disease.

You have tackled some hard jobs in your time.

On the field of battle you have faced and overcome tremendous odds. You smashed the might of Italian arms with a handful of men and brought off the first Allied victory of the war.

But the difficulties you knew as a soldier fade before the immensity of the problem confronting you now.

People are dying every day in Calcutta. A few days ago you made a typical Wavell gesture. Without even a police guard you toured the famine areas of Calcutta in the black-out, and saw for yourself the horror and misery that bring scandalous shame to a great country.

You are beset on every side by problems of caste: slums that are, in your own words, "a disgrace to a civilised country," confront you.

It is apparent now that the local authorities cannot deal with the situation; and it is equally obvious that you will have to act vigorously and firmly to end the starvation which is, although undeservedly, doing so much harm to British prestige throughout the world.

We in this country can have only a dim idea of the vastness of the problem.

But we have our idea of you and your qualities, and we believe that if there is one man who can act promptly and efficiently to relieve the victims of plague and hunger, that man is you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Once again, without apology, I must draw your attention to the profiteering in property.

In some parts of the country houses are changing hands at more than twice their pre-war value. One bungalow in Kent, offered for sale in 1940 at £300, has just been sold for £1,200.

People desperately anxious to have a home of their own, are being fleeced right and left. Your officials know it; the Government knows it. Yet nothing is done to end the activities of the men who are exploiting a situation inevitable in a war like this.

If the State can adopt one recommendation of the Uthwatt Report and control land values, then the State can stop this profiteering in houses.

It may be argued that in view of the appreciation of values and the fall in the purchasing power of the £, that these prices are justifiable. That argument is reasonable only if reasonable increases in value are sought. But 100 per cent. and more!

Isn't it time to call a halt?—JOHN BULL.

Col. REGINALD SPARROW RAWLINS,
Cranley Gardens, London, S.W.7

DEAR COLONEL,—You don't seem to think much of the women who have taken the place of men conductors on our buses. In fact, you think so little of them that you asserted your prerogative as an officer and a gentleman to disregard their instructions and refused to get off buses when they were full.

Why, gad, sir, some of the wretched women not only lose their heads but rush off to the police on the smallest provocation. The impertinent hussies even asked you, Col. Reginald Sparrow Pysent Rawlins, to step down from their confounded buses on to the cold, inhospitable pavement.

Then the Marlborough Street magistrate had the damned temerity, Sir, to fine you £4 and £6 6s. costs for daring to ignore the requests of these wretched women.

Gad! What are things coming to, Sir, when an officer and a gentleman has to be ordered off a bus by a girl who's doing her bit *to keep Britain safe for Blimps like you, Sir?*—JOHN BULL.

When Home Has a New Meaning

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

YEARS ago, when I was a bachelor and money didn't mean as much to me as it does now, I came to the financial rescue in Paris of a young Oxford undergraduate whose landlady was threatening him with a summons if he did not pay arrears of rent.

The undergraduate had squandered money sent him by his family amid the garish lights of Montmartre and with riotous company in Montparnasse.

★ ★ ★

He promised me back the 1,000 francs I loaned him in a few days. But he let me down; and somewhere in the world, if he is still alive, there is a man approaching middle-age with that sin on his conscience.

Because of that broken pledge, I had a cheerless trip home.

I landed at Dover with exactly three-ha'pence in my pocket. I had no cigarettes; I couldn't buy a cup of tea, let alone a drink. And I had to walk some distance from Victoria Station to a bus stop, from which my 1½d. took me part of the way to Fleet Street, where friends quickly put me in funds again.

Now, it is a strange thing that whereas I felt miserable and depressed on the train to Calais, and in the Channel boat, my low spirits vanished as soon as I caught a glimpse of the cliffs of Dover.

Here, I felt, was security; here was the friendliness of my own people; here was the good, solid, reassuring stuff of which the British are made.

I was exhilarated and uplifted. The lowly 1½d. in my pocket—how that had remained to me is a mystery—no longer worried me. I was home.

★ ★ ★

My trivial experience came back to me when I thought of those lads of ours repatriated from Germany. If I multiplied a million times my relief at seeing Dover appear like a smudge on the horizon, I know that my emotions would be less intense than those of the men who for years had been in German hands.

Home. Not the homes where they were born or where their wives had carried on so bravely. But just home . . . the docks of Leith, the Liver Building at Liverpool . . . British soil, British faces. British accents . . . British faith and humour and toleration and sympathy and love.

★ ★ ★

Home. The land of endeavour, of brightness in the black-out . . . the land they had fought for, suffered for, endured for . . . the land they had thought about so long and so wistfully . . . the land of their fathers, their mothers . . . the land of freedom and of justice, of decency and of courage.

Home. Their land of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow . . . the land wherein they live again in the knowledge that their children, in happier days to come, will love and cherish them for keeping their heritage free from terror and persecution.

Mediterranean Cruise, 1943 Programme

Helpful American troops had taken over the holiday island of Capri when Yorke and Mathias made their unexpected landfall

★ Champagne, a pretty girl, the island of Monte Cristo—unusual sequels to a "fatal" plane crash, but two airmen experienced a ten days' wonder

By B. L. JACOT

FLYING-OFFICER JOHN YORKE, an Oxford Undergraduate whose home is in Birkenhead, was very popular in his squadron of the Coastal Air Force in Tunisia.

The navigator who usually flew with him was well liked by his fellows, too—Bertram Mathias, formerly a Civil Servant.

The cheery pair set out early one morning on an operational flight. The morning passed and they became overdue. Hour added to hour at the airfield and no news came. It was the old, sad story.

Finally the watchers turned away, all hope gone. There was now no chance of the machine still being airborne.

A week passed. Their kit was packed and stored, letters written to their relatives. Ten days . . .

Here is the tale of those incredible ten days and nights, told from the other end.

It was in the early days of the Salerno landing on the mainland of Italy, and the Oxford undergraduate, Yorke, had his orders touching on the desperate fight the British and American troops were putting up against overwhelming odds on those beaches. Allied Air Forces were giving to the last ounce in support of the gallant soldiers and sailors.

Hundreds of miles out from their base, the Beaufighter ran into a large formation of German fighters. The fight was desperate—and there could only be one result.

Before the Beaufighter, on fire, was driven down to sea-level, three Huns had crashed. Yorke and Mathias, cooped in their blazing machine, thought that this was the end.

Faced with Death

But it wasn't. Though faced with a ghastly death, the pilot remained a fighting man to the end.

A violent explosion temporarily cleared the cockpit of searing flame, and Yorke saw that the belly of his aircraft was riding the tops of the waves.

He made a successful crash landing, and before the white-hot fire renewed its grip he followed his navigator out of the machine in a headlong dive.

Suction from the sinking Beaufighter drew them in its wake, but with bursting lungs both managed to claw back to the surface and to fresh air. They were stunned—"plumb silly," Yorke said, and it must have been some time before, in his Mae West, Yorke found himself bobbing in the swell shoulder to shoulder with his navigator. Neither could then remember what had happened to them.

Finally things came back to Yorke. "Where's the nearest landfall?" he shouted.

"Corsica," Mathias told him. "Think you can swim a hundred miles or so?"

"I never done it before," Yorke said.

They kept together as night fell, and with first light the first of their luck broke. A lighter was headed right for them. The crew were Italian sailors—"Fell over themselves to pick us up," Yorke said.

Lived Like Princes

The pair were taken to the little island of Caprara, which lies between Corsica and Italy, and, at the insistence of the Italian sailors, were given the bridal suite in the luxury hotel there. They were given clothes, food, and the best of wines, and were having a high time, when the manager rushed into their suite with the news that the commandant of the Italian garrison was on his way to take them into custody.

"Well, this is it!" said the Civil Servant, Mathias. He gave a last look towards two bottles of champagne.

"*Never!*" shouted the manager. It turned out that he had spent seven years in a London hotel. "He shall not take you. I feex him."

The commandant arrived with an escort of eleven soldiers. Within two minutes the manager had got down to slapping the commandant's face.

The soldiers sided with the hotel management, and the commandant went back to barracks minus his escort. The escort and the R.A.F. were back in the suite attending to the champagne.

The soldiers warned them that on other islands round Caprara there were German troops. The commandant would be sure to signal them. "If they come," the hotel manager said, "we feex them!"

But Yorke and Mathias were not too sure. They remained in the hotel two days, expecting the Germans, then the Italian sailors who had saved them brought news that a light German naval craft had been sighted in the bay. "That's finished it!" Yorke said.

"Finito? No!" the sailors said. "We pincha da barge! Come!"

In the stolen vessel Yorke and Mathias made the historic island of Monte Cristo. The Italians insisted that Yorke was the captain. Mathias did the navigating—and made a fine job of it, too.

They had to shut off the Diesel engine when they ran into a German convoy, pretending the barge was unseaworthy, in case the Germans ordered them along with them. The Italians passed the encounter off safely.

They stayed on Monte Cristo for three days, planning now, with the enthusiastic consent of the Italians, to make for Ponza, west of Naples, the most northerly of the islands occupied by the Allies.

The following day the barge developed engine trouble, and they drifted on to an island. The first persons to spot them were two political prisoners, refugees from Fascism, and a very comely Italian girl.

"Come aboard," Yorke invited. They came, the girl with them.

While all joined in working on the engine, a group appeared on the beach, and Yorke peered sharply. "Germans!" he announced grimly.

Navigated by Stars

Germans they were, but they were a *Luftwaffe* crew, picked out of the sea by the local fishermen. "Come aboard!" Yorke ordered, and the four Germans climbed into the barge. The look of the Italian sailors discouraged any argument as to who was prisoner of whom.

"Soon after this," Mathias said, "we got the diesel going and headed back out to sea. We had no trouble. We made the island of Capri. The ship's compass was unserviceable, and we navigated by the stars. We saw Gracie Fields' villa at Capri. I admire her taste!"

At Capri the pair found the Americans and got rid of their prisoners. The U.S. Army contacted a Royal Naval vessel, and this picked up the airmen and carried them to Malta, where they were given much-needed clothes and even more-needed shaves. From Malta they were flown back to their base.

Grand Welcome

Malta had sent a signal ahead, and when the two landed the welcome they got on the airfield was sensational. In ten days the two had completed a round trip of 1,000 miles, nearly all of it by sea.

"Actually," said Mathias, "we enjoyed our sailing down the coast from island to island. Capri was fine."

OILFIELD IN THE ARCTIC

START saying Canol Project. The phrase—Canadian oil telescoped—is going to be hot news.

You've heard of the Alcan Highway. You've heard of Goose Bay, the outsize airport in Labrador. You may even have heard how Shipshaw, the biggest hydro-power development in the world, has been created in the wilderness way north of Quebec.

★ ★ ★

Now the combined genius of Canadian and U.S. engineers is doing it again.

They're laying 1,600 miles of oil pipe-line across an Arctic wasteland which had never been explored till the engineers themselves launched a survey.

They're opening up, only 75 miles south of the Arctic Circle, an oilfield now thought to be among the largest on the American continent.

It has happened this way. Halfway along the Alcan Highway, on the victory route to Tokio, lies the great new town of Whitehorse, with its airports and motor camps and fuel stores and raging need of oil.

Four hundred miles to the north-east beyond the Yukon lay the drillings of Norman Wells. The oilfield had been discovered years before, but the needs of local gold and radium mines were too small to warrant production.

Yet every barrel of oil used in Alaska had to be shipped or trucked all the way from Seattle. Here was a bottleneck—and here was the answer.

Gordon Turnbull, the man who first saw the link, decided outright that it was not beyond the power of men to carry oil from the Arctic right down to Whitehorse.

"Warning!" ran a grim notice in the head staff offices of the construction company. "This job is no picnic. Temperature will range from 90 above zero to 70 below. Men will have to fight swamps, rivers, ice and cold. Mosquitoes, flies and gnats will not only be annoying but will cause bodily harm."

But the men stuck it. Every crew and every group set up their own individual record.

From the Arctic Ocean down to Great Slave Lake—look it up in your atlas—geologist parties drilled at scattered points in attempts to define oilfield limits. They drilled scores of wells—and every one was a gusher.

★ ★ ★

Oil that would flow at 70 degrees below, 87-octane aviation fuel as well as normal grades. . . .

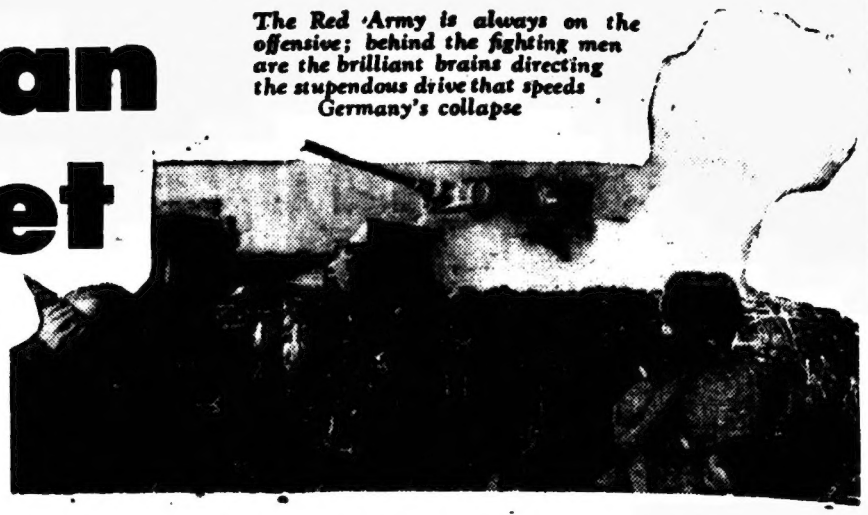
And all the men of Canol feel good.

They know they are knocking months off the war—cutting a transport deadlock by pumping a short-cut of oil right up to the Alaskan front lines—oil to fuel the coming flare-up in Japan.

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

Write to "John Bull" About it

Hitler's Russian Balance Sheet



The Red Army is always on the offensive; behind the fighting men are the brilliant brains directing the stupendous drive that speeds Germany's collapse

★ Germany may have slaves in the factories, but she has to do her own fighting. The Russian Miracle grows stronger as the enemy's military machines slow down.

By A. G. Gardiner

THE Russian miracle moves from strength to strength. What does it portend? How has it come about? What are the causes that have produced the overwhelming spectacle at which the world looks on in wonder?

To measure the immensity of the thing that is happening, cast your mind back to that June morning of 1941, when we woke to the sensational fact that Hitler had flung the whole of his invincible power against Russia.

We breathed again. We had an ally. We had time to recover. But to all the world Russia seemed as certainly doomed as we had seemed on the morrow of Dunkirk and the fall of France.

And now . . . Behold, a miracle! But a miracle that has its root in realities. What are they?

First, of course, is the revelation of the might of Russia and of the sublime and unconquerable spirit of its people. These were not unlooked for. Napoleon had experienced both.

What was not looked for was the strategic genius that has baffled, outmanœuvred and defeated the enemy at every phase of the struggle since the fatal check before Moscow.

These things are the glory of Russia alone. Coupled with them are external causes. The smashing of the Axis. The command of the sea which gave Russia access to the arsenals of Britain and America.

The conquest of the Mediterranean which destroyed the menace from the Middle East. The war waged from the air on Germany which has shattered her power-house and diverted her air power and her man-power from the critical theatre of the war.

* * *

But there is a third set of causes which are not related to Russia or her Allies, but to Germany. She is no longer invincible. She is staggering under the rain of blows that is falling on her. She cannot hit back.

Some grave weakness has discovered itself in her military machine. It is being strained beyond its resources. It can no longer meet the demands made upon it.

The weakness is not single: it is multiple. I will take them in what I think is the order of their gravity.

First, Germany is short of oil. That is one of the reasons why she has lost the dominion of the air, why Rommel was driven out of Africa, why the Red Army is sweeping her armies out of Russia, why her oil-burning ships are locked up in the Baltic.

Fuel has always been her anxiety. Germany has no external resources (our blockade sees to that).

Apart from the Rumanian oilfield (a declining source) she has no substantial natural supply. Synthetic oil is prodigiously costly in labour, and its expansion is limited.

Hitler accumulated vast supplies of natural oil for a *blitzkrieg*, and before Italy came into the war oil poured into Germany through Trieste.

But when the lightning war ended in a flop, and Italy was no longer a channel of supply from without, the oil shortage became Hitler's chief danger.

He was able to carry on by the seizure of all the stocks in Europe. With those supplies he started his war with Russia, the chief purpose of which was to lay hands on the oilfields of the Caucasus—and ultimately of Persia.

HE EXPENDED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF OIL IN THE ATTEMPT, AND NEVER GOT A BARREL OF OIL FROM THE CAUCASUS IN RETURN.

Now his armies are being rolled back a thousand miles from the Caucasus largely because his war machine is starved for fuel.

* * *

And bound up with this weakness is another—transport. Hitler, in preparing for war, sacrificed his railways to his motor roads. He is perishing for the mistake.

As with oil, so with locomotives and wagons. He plundered all Europe of its stock, but they were squandered in the Russian campaign. Thousands lie buried in the mud of the steppes. Thousands more have been wrecked by the R.A.F.

And the destruction of the rolling stock is not the end of Hitler's transport worries. He has lost Todt, who was a genius at the job. In his place is Speer, whose failure to handle the transport problem in Russia is one of the causes of the *débâcle*.

Meanwhile, as the land transport in Europe becomes more and more chaotic, sea transport becomes increasingly hazardous.

Watch the day-by-day destruction of the coastwise shipping of the enemy—in the Channel, in the Mediterranean, off Holland, Denmark, Norway.

It represents one of the deadliest blows that are bringing Germany to the dust.

The third source of weakness is man-power. Many judges regard it as the most critical weakness of all.

Germany has filled her factories with foreign slaves (she will pay for it), *but she has to do all the fighting herself*. It was the exhaustion of her man-power that brought her down in the last war.

Her losses in this war have been greater than in the last. And her commitments are far heavier—in Russia, in the Balkans, in Italy, for internal defence against the air war, for the maintenance of the Gestapo over all Europe. It is estimated that she has two million men in Western Europe alone.

Is it any wonder that since the faint-hearted attempt in the Kursk salient she has never been able to stage a counter-offensive on the grand scale, or, indeed, on any serious scale?

She hasn't the men. Her reserves are exhausted. Her ally, Italy, no longer does her donkey work. Her satellites are refusing to shed any more blood for her.

* * *

The final source of weakness to which I shall refer goes to the root of the terrific disaster in Russia. It is the conflict between Hitler and the High Command.

The Jollies Make War "B

★ *Royal Marines wear the globe because George IV decreed that "No badge is large enough to carry all their honours"—to-day those honours are multiplied*

AS the troop transport, loaded with Royal Marines and Canadians, left a British port and made for the open sea, a Canuck, turning to a "Jolly," remarked: "Well, brother, we're together again."

He was referring, of course, to the Dieppe raid when Royal Marine Commandos and Canadians fought so brilliantly together. This time, however, they knew that once ashore it was their job to stay.

Corporal Smith

And stay they did—in Sicily!

It was dark when the great convoy assembled off the Sicilian coast. As quietly as possible the assault craft were lowered into the sea. And Royal Marine Commandos, faces blackened, bayonets dulled, and eager to get to grips with the enemy, scrambled into the little assault ships.

There was a heavy swell, and as the craft thrust their way beachwards, sea-water swept through the ramp and some of the men were soon up to their ankles in water.

Not a word was said, however, as the young Marine Commandos, keyed up for immediate action, waited for the assault craft to force its way up the beach and the order to disembark.

Soon the beaches were in our possession, and the infantry, surging forward, commenced the chase that ended with the capture of the island.

In the meantime, on another sector of the bridgehead, the sharp eyes of a youthful Royal Marine, Corporal Smith, spotted [illegible] 77-mm. gun, that had been hidden [illegible] the enemy in a house overlooki[illegible] the beach, open fire.

"Over here, l[illegible]!" he exclaimed, and made for [illegible] "strong point." His courage, th[illegible] can be no doubt, saved many of [illegible] Marine comrades —but it cost Sm[illegible] his own life. So enraged was on[illegible] of the Corporal's friends that he [illegible] amok, fought his way to the Itali[illegible] gun position, and wiped out every[illegible]an!

The gun was [illegible] then turned upon the retreating [illegible]emy—and brave Corporal Smith [illegible]s revenged.

The fact that [illegible] task of establishing the first br[illegible]gehead in Europe was entrusted t[illegible] the Corps is once again proof tha[illegible] those who matter appreciate that [illegible]e Royal Marines, who have been [illegible]r Commandos for nearly 300 year[illegible] still rank as the finest assault fo[illegible]e in the world.

They were fir[illegible] in and last out of Norway, France [illegible]he Low Countries and Crete. Th[illegible] were also last to leave the sw[illegible]ering jungles of Burma, where [illegible]y gained the respect of the [illegible]panese by their courage and C[illegible]mando daring. It was the Royal [illegible]Marines, too, who occupied the Fa[illegible]s and Iceland, and played a big [illegible] in the capture of Madagascar w[illegible]n things looked difficult for th[illegible]forces in front of strong enemy [illegible]itions.

Into Holland

One evening [illegible] Adjutant-General, acting on instru[illegible]ions from the War Cabinet, 'phon[illegible] through to the Chatham Estab[illegible]ment and ordered that 200 men [illegible]hould proceed to Dover, embark [illegible]n a destroyer, and travel to the Ho[illegible]k of Holland. Here they were to a[illegible]t in the rescue of the Queen of [illegible]land, who was in danger of capt[illegible] by the Nazis.

One hou[illegible] rations to Royal Ma[illegible] coach and night to [illegible] Holland, [illegible] meeting [illegible] whom tr[illegible] reached t[illegible]

Next da[illegible] in Britai[illegible] shaken, b[illegible] turned to equipmen[illegible]

Marine [illegible] Fleet Air [illegible] other big[illegible] an Italia[illegible] ship has[illegible] damaged[illegible]

It was [illegible] officer, E[illegible] who rode[illegible] island of[illegible] terms of[illegible] ant. But[illegible] the Roya[illegible]

In the [illegible] war to th[illegible] second-to[illegible] ence, wil[illegible] ing a foo[illegible] occupied[illegible] And the[illegible] by the t[illegible] Burma t[illegible]

The M[illegible] Defence [illegible] useful [illegible] Admiral [illegible] respect f[illegible] likely th[illegible] specialise[illegible]

How "[illegible] spirit of [illegible] when I [illegible] Hunt, wh[illegible]

Every major blunder in Russia has been made by Hitler in the teeth of the best brains of the *Wehrmacht*.

Brauchitsch opposed the fatal attempt to take Moscow in the winter of 1941. He urged Hitler to retreat to the Polish frontier, husband his resources and release two million men to work in the munition factories. He was dismissed.

Again, last winter, Halder, the ablest military brain in Germany, urged Hitler to abandon the attempt to take Stalingrad and to fill North Africa with men and aeroplanes, reserving enough of the *Luftwaffe* to retaliate against England. He was dismissed.

In the face of such facts is it surprising that Stalin and his brilliant generals have out-manœuvred, out-witted and out-fought the enemy until he staggers back from the Volga to the Donetz, from the Donetz to the Dnieper, from the Dnieper to the Bug?

* * *

I come back to the question with which I started—What does it portend? Victory, of course. But much more. The giant is reeling. He is toppling to his fall.

In the words of Dr. Kurt Rey, of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who has just escaped from Germany into Turkey, Germany has lost the war, knows it, and knows that the end is near.

The army is beaten. The idol is broken. The nation is exhausted and hopeless.

This is the hour to strike everywhere, with everything at our command, and with all the strength we have.

Winter is on us. Before it is over the gangsters of Germany should have followed the gangsters of Italy to their doom.

WHY WE MUST PLAN

By Swaffer

★ Lack of planning led to the tragedies of Jarrow, South Wales and the cotton trade. We want more planning, not less.

WHO is to sound forth a clarion call demanding Liberty? The walls of a new Jericho rise higher every day. But there is no Joshua—and not even a trumpet!

Who, even at this late hour—years after the promises of a better social order were first made—is to pledge to the country's immediate post-war future a redemption of those promises?

We hear, louder every day, stories of Germany's approaching collapse under the stress of war. What of our own collapse—the decline in that high moral purpose which made 1940 the most glorious year in our history?

CHURCHILL, upon whom we once pinned higher hopes than those which our race had ever before ventured to express, has just become Grand Master of the Primrose League!

Attlee, the leader of the Labour Government, is—as the rest of his colleagues—a prisoner in the Tory camp, bound in the chains of their own loyalty to a truce.

Liberalism is even more ineffective, for its age-long objectives are all achieved.

You may be asking why I demand a clarion call to the champions of Liberty. Look around the European scene. . . .

Count Sforza, who, as a Liberal, was Foreign Minister before Mussolini was allowed to seize the reins, is back in Italy with the consent of Washington and Whitehall—with the aim of uniting all the parties on the Left. Sforza is now a Republican.

But, interviewed in Southern Italy, Sforza now declares that Badoglio is "in the hands of evil counsellors"—and adds that Fascist-minded persons have been kept in office, either by Badoglio, "*or by Allied leadership.*"

Evil, he says, is spread by "Court circles" because elimination of disloyal Fascists would ultimately reach "certain exalted ranks."

Then, both in Greece and Yugo-Slavia, guerilla bands are divided by internal strife; in some cases they wage fratricidal war!

Churchill recently expressed the hope that the Kings of both those States would soon return to their countries. Yet in Yugo-Slavia certain of the monarchists are suspect by large masses on the Left—and in Greece the anti-King feeling is so great among many of the patriots that, says the *Times* correspondent in Cairo, the differences might even lead to civil war!

So because of our cowardly temporising with the forces of the Right—in North Africa, in Italy, in Yugo-Slavia and in Greece—we have brought about that disunity of national purpose which is Germany's only hope!

Europe is moving on to greater ideas of freedom. We fail to lead it! We need courage, not "diplomacy."

THEN, as for the future of our race at home, it was with horror that I read in the *Banker's Magazine* not only sneers at "this modern planning," but these threatening words:

Is there not also a tendency in much of this modern planning to overlook the fact that, human nature being what it is, the workers of the future, capitalists and wage-earners alike, will require the old spur of rewards and punishments (good profits and good wages, fear of losses and bankruptcy, and, yes, fears of unemployment and poverty) to ensure the necessary drive in this work of internal and international competition?

Too much planning, indeed!

I saw, in a Tube train, the other day, four officers of the mercantile marine — keen-eyed, quiet - faced, earnest and the personification of confidence—all off with their kit-bags on another perilous adventure among the U-boats. For over four years they had braved the menace of mechanised sharks to bring us food and ammunition.

Yet I remembered how, after the last war, hundreds of such men, all holding masters' certificates, had to take jobs as ordinary seamen because of the collapse of the shipping industry.

I remembered, too, seeing a booze-ship meant to take drunks to Cuba, where they could buy alcohol in Prohibition days, being built on the Tyne. Otherwise, all the shipyards were empty and idle, and big vessels were being sold for scrap!

Too much planning, indeed!

I remembered seeing the Prince of Wales drive into Jarrow in the sight of thousands of men who stood with silent hostility and with their caps on—Jarrow which, in the interests of uncontrolled rationalisation, had been condemned to worklessness by the Bank of England!

Then, when coal collapsed in the unplanned muddle and mess, I saw, during the last visit to South Wales of Edward VIII, Brynmawr's banner across one road along which he was due: "Do not forget us. Our unemployment figure is 85 per cent.!"

In Preston, cotton workers who had seen my reference to the 38s. a week earned by Burnley operatives pressed into my hand their own pay-tickets. Many, on short time, had received as little as 28s.!

I SAW, in those days of no-Plan slump, whole counties in despair. I saw once-rich cities reduced almost to bankruptcy.

"Too much planning," they say, do these bankers!

Without planning, there will be a short-lived boom, when peace comes, and then the inevitable slump which follows every boom!

Soon, the demands for "Off with controls!"—unless something is done—will be so worded that people irritated by small restrictions will be kidded into voting against the necessary control of vast vested interests which are their enemies.

"GIVE the small business man a chance!" will be screamed by the big combines which have already eaten up small business by the thousand.

No one except their commercial destroyers—their rich rivals—want the small trader to go. He is usually the friend round the corner—a man whom you enjoy calling in on, if only for a chat before or after your purchase.

It is not national planning that seeks to end his chance of a livelihood—it is the uncontrolled planning of the chain-stores and the big combines.

But standing out, even amid the peril to our future, is this *Banker's Magazine* reminder of what is behind the minds of Big Business—the desire to keep in its hands the whip of "fears of unemployment and poverty."

And this during a war which, we were once told, was to usher in a new social order.

The threat, for such it is, needs not only loud denunciation by writers like myself.

It should be followed by immediate Government completion of plans which will make "fears of losses and bankruptcy, and, yes, fears of unemployment and poverty" vanish in the light of a new day.

Those are the old evils! They must go!

ake War "By Sea, By Land"

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One hour later, kitted, and with rations to last for three days, those Royal Marines boarded a motor-coach and were driven through the night to Dover. They crossed to Holland, fought their way inland, meeting fifth-columnists, many of whom tried to trap them, and reached the Queen of Holland.

Second to None

Next day, the Dutch Queen arrived in Britain, and the tired, badly shaken, but unbeatable Marines, returned to Chatham—with all their equipment.

Marine pilots, attached to the Fleet Air Arm, flew at Taranto and other big engagements, and many an Italian merchantman and warship has been sunk or severely damaged by the "Flying Marines."

It was a Royal Marine warrant officer, E. N. Reid, astride a donkey, who rode through the tiny Italian island of Linosa to present the Allies' terms of surrender to the commandant. But it is as landing units that the Royal Marines are famous.

In the Far East, when we take the war to the Japanese, they, with their second-to-none training and experience, will prove invaluable in gaining a foothold upon the many areas occupied by the little yellow men. And the Marines will not be caught by the tricks of the Nipponese. In Burma they mastered them.

The Marine Mobile Naval Base Defence Organisation will prove very useful in this theatre, and as Admiral Mountbatten has a great respect for the "Jollies," it is quite likely that he will make use of this specialised "mystery arm."

How "the tradition" gets into the spirit of Marines can be appreciated when I tell the story of Marine Hunt, who was recently repatriated.

Marine Hunt is typical of the young men who will soon be swelling the ranks of the Corps—and when face to face with danger he proved his greatness.

It was when Tobruk was in enemy hands that a party of the "Jollies" landed from the sea, and in the face of terrific fire and superior numbers advanced into the port.

Hunt had been ordered to clear enemy posts, and as he advanced, a sudden burst of fire made the Marines look for cover. A terrific blow on Hunt's chest told him the worst. That he had been hit—just above the heart, too! But the Marines are made of tough stuff, and Hunt, weak in the legs, but strong with courage, continued to lead the advance.

Great Assault Force

Thrusting and hacking with the bayonets, those Marines made the enemy sick at the thought of cold steel. It was not until he had lost the use of one of his arms, which became paralysed as the result of his wound, and had stormed his way into the enemy stronghold and saved the life of his company commander did Hunt, through sheer exhaustion, have to give up the fight.

But by his courage and disregard for personal danger he left a very great impression upon the enemy.

The Royal Marines' badge is the globe. It was given to them by King George the Fourth "Because No Badge Is Large Enough to Carry All Their Honours." That is true.

Britain's ace assault force have commenced to break open the German "West Wall." Soon, perhaps, Nippon will be made to realise that the Royal Marines are ready and anxious to settle old scores. . . .

JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON.

Words Can Be A Boomerang

VERNON BARTLETT says that after a while authors become ashamed of their books and are "tempted to advertise for any surviving copies and to have them pulped as quickly as possible." He says one grows out of one's ideas.

Which is true. Monday's hash of Sunday's stew of words is one of the curses of writing as a trade. When I go through my files and read what I was writing ten years ago, I'm glad there's nobody in the room with me, looking over my shoulder. It's rather like wearing your 1903 trousers.

The ordinary citizen, who doesn't write for a living, never knows this awful feeling—unless somebody happens to have kept his letters. In which case he'll get an idea of what I mean, especially if they've been letters to Dovey Wovey, who wants £250 for them and her presents back.

But this doesn't happen to more than one ordinary citizen in ten thousand. It's only professional writers who are in danger of getting this awful feeling.

There is nothing quite so horrible as Yesterday's Words when they come back at you.

However, there is one consolation: they *can* be pulped. You can tear them up and burn them. You have that way out so long as you've only written them.

Until recently ink was the only thing when it came to keeping a record. But now there's a new horror come into life. The steel tape.

Like thousands of other writers, I've probably done some silly things with a pen in my time. But I've never been daft enough to go near a microphone with a steel tape at the other end. Like Hitler. . . .

These recordings of Hitler's Yesterday speeches that the B.B.C. put out must make him want to chew more carpets than there are in Germany.

Well, you wouldn't like it yourself, would you? Even Gladstone, if he were here, wouldn't like to *hear* what Gladstone said in 1883.

But Hitler . . . !

Discussing, the other day, what should be done with Hitler and Mussolini after the war, Lord Strabolgi said that he'd put them together to live for the rest of their lives in the same room.

I'd put them in separate rooms—with a steel tape and a recording outfit behind a grille high in the wall. I'd feed them on their own words, and I'd never turn the thing off, night or day. *And* I wouldn't put a carpet in Adolf's room.

That, I submit, is the only *artistic* way out for these two chaps.

Talk 'em to death!

And let them do all the talking.

A. G.

No Show For Sammy

★As a small boy Sammy had a genius for missing the show from the front of the house: he was destined to be the perfect stage manager, thought Curtis Harvy

Sammy had made every bit of that toy theatre, cut out the wood, painted the front, cut out the characters, made up the words, done the whole show himself

"John Bull's" Short Story

CURTAIN down. Curtain up. . . .

Applause like the tide ascending a shingle beach on a November afternoon.

Curtain down. Curtain up. . . .

The tide now lashed by a tearing north-easter. Down in the front row people standing. Cheers.

"Speech!"

From the bottom of my heart . . . amazing reception on return to my native land . . . never forget to my dying day . . . swell . . . something to tell them way back in New York . . God bless!

Curtain down.

Curtis Harvy made his way somehow through the dark no man's land behind the wings to the big steel door. If he'd been that kind of man he might have had a tear in his eye. The reception on his first appearance in England after nearly thirty years in the United States had been indeed amazing.

It made Curtis Harvy nearly forget his American accent. It certainly made him remember that he had been born Robinson in a grim Yorkshire town, in a grim Yorkshire house midway between the canal and where the trams stopped.

ON the other side of the big steel door in the grey-distempered passage, his dresser hovered, a little oblong of cardboard in his hand. Curtis Harvy took the visiting card and gave it a half-glance.

"In your dressing-room, sir," said the dresser.

"Oh, he is, is he? Get my things up."

"Yes, sir."

The dresser vanished through the steel door and Curtis Harvy turned along the passage, his ears still filled with the faded cheers. Grand to be back. Grand to be English. Grand to knock 'em silly. Yes, grand . . . not swell.

Visitor? In dressing-room? What was all this? Only half out of the clouds, he stopped under a light and looked at the printed name.

Sir Samuel Lorne. *Sir* Samuel Lorne? Gee! The boy who had started out midway between the canal and where the trams stopped *was* climbing! Knights dropping in to see him!

Through the glass door at the end of the passage he saw without being aware of it a little crowd of people standing in the thick greyness of a London November evening. Waiting, no doubt, for his autograph.

But behind this other door was Sir Samuel Lorne. Whoever Sir Samuel Lorne might be. Waiting, no doubt, to ask some favour.

He saw himself opening a great public library before the week was out.

And then, even as his hand touched the knob of his dressing-room door, the "Sir" fell off the name of the man on the other side, and Curtis Harvy's eyes jumped open.

PLAIN Samuel Lorne? Sammy Lorne?

"Gee!" exclaimed Curtis Harvy.

Might be. Sure to be. Sammy Lorne! Yes, they'd corresponded for a month or two nearly thirty years ago. Sammy Lorne had been one of the few to know, and was probably the only one to remember, that young Robinson of the grimy Northern gutters had taken the name of Curtis Harvy when he set out to get it.

But . . . *Sir* Samuel Lorne!

Memory fell down a long staircase and landed bump! at the bottom.

"Must have taken my advice," Curtis Harvy thought. "And fancy remembering *that* after all these years."

Why, even the very words came back. "You've got one thing to bear in mind, Sammy, my boy. Be useful to yourself and you'll get there. Trouble with you is you're too useful to other people. So long as you're that you'll stay put. You'll always miss the show."

Yes, that was it; he'd invented a title for Sammy Lorne. The Little Boy Who Always Missed The Show. . . .

Because young Sammy always *did*.

Back to him came the toy theatre that Sammy had made. The toy theatre in the shed at the end of the grassless garden, which whisked them all away for an hour or two from the drab realities of the canal and where the trams stopped and the dreary street in between.

Sammy had made every bit of that toy theatre, cut out the wood, painted the front, invented the lighting, cut out the characters, made up the words, done the whole show himself.

But never seen it.

"One of you fellows work it," he'd said one day. "I want to *see* it."

But none of the other fellows was quite as smart as Sammy at working the toy theatre. So that Sammy never did see it.

HE missed everything when they did "Floradora" in the parish hall, although the whole thing had been his idea from the very start.

That far-away production of "Floradora" had given a new career to young Robinson, had turned him into the world-famous Curtis Harvy of to-day, but all it had given to Sammy was work.

Sammy was the one to work the lights. Sammy was the one to work the curtain. Sammy was the one to draw up the property list and look after the props. Sammy *knew*. Good old Sammy!

All he got was a vote of thanks and his name at that end of the programme which nobody ever reads.

The Little Boy Who Always Missed The Show. . . .

Whereas he, Curtis Harvy, had got all the limelight and all the applause and had been so inspired that he had cleared out to America and climbed.

He had always seen the show or been in it. He had never been particularly useful to other people. He had *gone on*.

He had tried to get young Sammy to clear out to America with him, but when Sammy had said "No" he had left it at that.

Memory picked itself up, climbed the long staircase and got back to the top.

Sir Samuel Lorne!

So that the young blighter *had* taken a better man's advice and started being useful to himself. You don't stick "Sir" on the front of your name after a lifetime of holding the heads of other people's horses.

Yes . . . you've got to *see* the show to squeeze the last ounce of juice out of life: See it; and leave the stage management to other people.

"Gee!" exclaimed Curtis Harvy.

Looking on the Bright Side

● In times like these, when everywhere and at all times there is apparently nothing but distress and turmoil, it seems a very hard task indeed to achieve anything like that serenity of mind and spirit without which life is not much worth living.

Yet it is not impossible. By no means is it impossible. There *are* ways and means.

We are masters of our own minds—"we are the captains of our souls."

There is no denying that in times like these it takes more than a little effort to banish, even for a short time, anxiety and fears and depression from our minds. But we should make every effort to do it occasionally.

We should, every now and again, put up a rigid bar against such thoughts. We should try quite deliberately to fill our minds with thoughts and ideas that are the exact opposite. It will need quite an effort—but it can be done.

HUMAN MACHINE

There is still the sun and the wind and the good green earth. There is still the solace of literature, the thoughts of the great minds of the past. There is still the laughter and the company of others. There is still life to be lived and life to be enjoyed.

Self-control is a many-faceted jewel. Not the least important is the one that reflects the good in everything. We should make a point of seeing that that is the one thing we occasionally turn towards life.

By Will Scott

hinking that Sammy Lorne must be the rst man in history who had ever taken nybody else's advice.

Sammy stood alone—and had become ir Samuel Lorne.

"Gee!" he said again.

He wondered how long he had been tanding there with his hand on the ressing-room knob. He pulled himself ogether, turned the knob and went in.

The two men stared at each other for moment. Each was looking for a habby boy, with the atmosphere of a habby street for background. Each was xpecting, in a fantastic sort of way, to o on where he had left off years before.

THE distinguished-looking man with a mop of grey hair was a stranger to Sir Samuel Lorne. The portly, red-aced gentleman in the grey suit was a tranger to Curtis Harvy.

Then Harvy smiled that sideways mile and Sir Samuel grinned that wide rin and stroked his cheek . . . and it ll came back.

"Sammy!"

"Jim!"

They gripped each other's hands and aughed as if they were boys again.

"Or should it be Mr. Curtis Harvy?"

"Or *Sir* Samuel?"

"Not to you."

Curtis Harvy grasped Sir Samuel by he shoulders and held him off.

"This is swell!" he said. "Never new how I could get in touch with you. And here you are. Soon as I put my ose out of the wings."

He installed Sir Samuel in the best hair, produced a box of cigars, a bottle, syphon. Then, glasses filled, cigars light, he rested his shoulders against he wall and looked down on the friend f his boyhood in the way that audiences lways found so fascinating.

"You don't know what I was thinking bout, coming along the passage just ow?"

"No."

"Remember what I used to call you?"

"Why . . . something . . ."

"The Little Boy Who Always Missed he Show."

"That's it."

"Remember some advice I once gave ou?"

"It's a very odd thing, Jim, but I do. 've always remembered it. The times I aid it over to myself after you'd gone."

"Well, I see you've acted on it."

SIR Samuel looked down at the end of the cigar he held between his plump-fingers.

"I can't say that I have, Jim."

"About being useful to yourself for change and not being so useful to ther people."

"Yes. No, I can't say that I have, im."

"But dammit, old man——"

"Yes, I know. Oh, I don't say I didn't ry. But we're as we are made, and I was made the other way. I can only e useful to other people, I suppose. But t hasn't done me any harm. It's helped me."

The other gaped at his old friend.

"Like the show?" he asked.

"Show?"

"This one. The one I'm in."

"I haven't seen it, Jim, old man. I ame straight here to see you."

Curtis Harvy sighed.

"Listen; we've got to have a long talk. unch with me to-morrow. I'm doing he Lord Mayor's Show for the first time n my life. I've been given a window in Queen Victoria Street and ——"

"Sorry, Jim."

"Sorry?"

"Well, I can't sit in any window and watch *this* show. You see, I'll be in the coach. You've been away and out of touch, Jim, so you wouldn't know. But I'm the new Lord Mayor of London."

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Don't Be Deceived By These Rogues!

ALL ex-Servicemen and women readers, together with their relatives and friends, should heed this urgent warning. For it is published specially in their interests.

A country-wide racket to fleece them has been begun by company promoters and other get-rich-quick folk.

These public pests pretend they can provide suitable and lasting employment, or fine business opportunities, for men and women invalided from the Forces who, through ill-health and other reasons, cannot compete in the ordinary labour market of to-day.

Unhappily, many ex-Servicemen have already been deceived or victimised by "employment-with-investment" specialists, or by so-called "partnership" and "business transfer" experts.

ONE OF A FEW

Only the other day I interviewed the troubled mother of an ex-soldier who, attracted by an advertisement in a daily newspaper, was induced by rosy speculations to part with over £400 in a scheme that was to provide him with a permament and well-salaried position.

The work was to be light and the hours short—exactly what he wanted to resume civilian life after the horrors of war.

Like so many others, this poor fellow, in his eagerness to get a new start, did not make any inquiries about the history of the plausible crook who made the offer.

Soon after his cash had been paid over he discovered that the whole thing was a sham and that the man who had promised him so much, and in such a convincing way, was of bad financial reputation.

He found, too, that other people had previously invested on the promise of good posts and were hammering in vain at the crook's door for the return of their money.

STUDY WITH CAUTION

Well, that door is now shut for good, and as Scotland Yard detectives are making inquiries about his schemes, I have been asked, for obvious reasons, not to mention names at this stage.

Lately there has been a marked increase in the number of advertisements offering similar inducements.

Some of them are perfectly genuine, of course, but *none* should be taken up without preliminary inquiries through a solicitor, a bank, a trade protection society.

Here are some of the types of advertisements which should be studied with caution:

Openings in firms requiring a little capital in return for employment.

Directorates in companies with big prospects but low funds.

Partnerships in one-man businesses in which increasing profits are to be shared and the offer of small properties, shops and trading concerns.

Now here is an instance of a different kind of pitfall.

A Chippenham farmer decided, a few months ago, to sell one of his small-holdings and put it into the hands of a local estate agent.

He was, in due course, visited by a man who decided to buy it, and paid a very small deposit. The prospective purchaser made it clear that he hadn't got all the money needed, but would have no difficulty in getting the balance.

At a further visit the buyer was accompanied by a man named Williams, who represented a richly named concern called The Country Estates, Sparrows Wick, Bushey, Hertfordshire.

Mr. Williams inspected the property thoroughly, expressed himself as satisfied and told the owner that the purchase money would be forthcoming.

Getting Williams alone, the farmer asked him if he could count on the money, and he replied: "Yes; it is as safe as any money in the Bank of England."

Impressed, the farmer moved out and the buyer and his wife moved in.

Disillusionment followed.

For months the owner waited for completion, but no money came along. The new tenant said he had seen Mr. Williams again, who made promises but failed to keep them.

If these returned prisoners become ex-Servicemen, they'll need protection against ramps

A month ago the owner, tired of the whole unsatisfactory business, told the new "owners" they must go because, despite all Mr. Williams' assurances, the promised cash was not forthcoming.

Then—for the first time—Williams' client communicated with me. Had he done so before I could have saved him all his trouble—and his money.

For on the understanding that Williams would be able to raise capital towards purchasing the farm the man who wanted to buy it paid him an original fee of £25.

Not only has he been kept without the promised advance, but all efforts to obtain the return of the money paid for Williams' worthless services have been unavailing.

I have known Mr. Williams, of the Country Estates, for years.

He is an old hand at taking fees from people for capital-finding "services" which have often brought nothing but loss and distress to the people he has persuaded to pay him heavy fees.

Before he went to his present address at Bushey he had an office at High Street, Croydon, Surrey, and several complaints were made about him there. He should be most rigidly avoided.

Williams is only one of many "capital-finders" operating to-day. Before me I have cheques for £280 paid to a firm in South London four years ago for a supposedly prosperous business that ended in complete loss for the poor client who bought it.

STILL ADVERTISING

The loser was a client of a "Business Transfer" firm that has many dupes, but is still permitted to advertise as though it were the most genuine agency in the world!

I could add several other instances to those I have given, but have said more than enough to press the moral of this scandal home.

Don't—particularly if you are an ex-Serviceman or the friend of one you are backing with capital — ever negotiate with anyone in this kind of business without proper legal advice or the fullest inquiry.

STOP IT, ELIZABETH!

ELIZABETH GRAHAM-BERKELEY, Principal of the Central Marriage Agency, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1, is a most accommodating person.

She arranges introductions between persons of both sexes (ages seventeen to seventy) with the avowed purpose of "making Marriage contacts."

★ ★ ★

Her agency offers to provide marriage partners according to their individual requirements and circumstances; and, incidentally, the fees are likewise arranged according to the size of each client's bank account.

One of my readers answered an advertisement which ran: "LONELY! Elizabeth Berkeley, 62, Oxford Street, London. Specialises select Marriage introductions."

He received some printed matter, which he ignored.

Two months later he was sent a stereotyped circular in which the philanthropic Elizabeth made him a "*final* generous introduction offer at two guineas for twelve months."

Scribbled at the bottom in pencil were the words "*Final* offer—instalments if required."

"When I have ladies available," the circular runs, "who I feel would suit you, and who would find you acceptable, I prefer to make you the introduction at a very low fee rather than leave these existing clients unsuited. Do you follow what I mean?

"You will realise, therefore, what a 'bargain' offer this is."

Whatever he realised, my reader still didn't catch on. Another month elapsed and Elizabeth came on to the scene again, this time with a brief circular very much to the point.

It was another "final" offer—"absolutely final" this time—and in it she offered all her services again for the reduced fee of 25s. for twelve months.

As the reader still hasn't answered, she will probably, at a later date, offer him a client for the odd 5s.!

Some time ago I understood that the authorities were thinking of closing down some of these objectionable concerns.

★ ★ ★

This one should most certainly be shunned, particularly as its lady principal talks about "bargains" in marriage introductions and, in one letter, in her own handwriting, says:

"I have a very large selection of ladies available and, if you are interested, shall appreciate the application form duly completed, and a snap or photo if you have one."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Abbott, Fairmead Road, Shinfield, Berks, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

These WRENS look healthy-minded, physically fit and full of grit

MANY readers will disagree with the opinions expressed in the following letters, but I am printing them because they deal with a subject which is causing a great many headaches as well as heart-aches.

I feel an urge to ask you if you will take up the cudgels on behalf of our young people, says the first writer. I am continually hearing the most beastly suggestions made against their morals; some of the things I have heard are simply unprintable.

As a mother, I resent these cruel charges because I know them to be untrue. The chief culprits I have met are elderly spinsters and childless middle-aged women, but my husband tells me that some of the men he meets are just as bad.

How can they do it when we all owe so much to the fine courage and endurance of these young people?

I can only refute the charges in my own small circle, but I know your articles are read in thousands of homes. I do hope you will be willing to say something to reassure the worried parents.

Letters on this subject reach me by every post, but here is one from a man which is rather unusual:

Mixed Pickles

Morals are always a bit loose in war time, but I am convinced that there is a great deal of wild exaggeration in the stories that go round. The same sort of thing happened in the last war.

The clergy and other religious leaders are letting the subject become an obsession. It is their duty to denounce evil wherever it shows itself, but I just can't understand a man who is more "concerned" about flirtations than he is about an atrocity in occupied countries.

The thought of innocent people being buried alive makes me want to shriek to high heaven, and in a world where such things are happening I cannot spare any indignation because young people lose their heads through a passing infatuation.

Anyway, as I said before, I am sure the mischief is grossly exaggerated. Believe me, our youngsters are all right, but they are more outspoken than we were when I was young.

The difficulty in dealing with this subject is that one cannot make sweeping statements. To declare that our young men and women are all desperately wicked would be as false as to assert that they are all angelically good.

They are "mixed pickles," like the rest of us.

Look at the young people—the young soldiers, sailors and airmen; the girls in uniform — the A.T.S., W.R.N.S., W.A.A.F.s, Ambulance girls, nurses, as well as the land girls, munition workers, clerical staffs in Government offices. In the course of a day I see thousands of them.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

ARE THE FIGHTING YOUNGSTERS REALLY IMMORAL?

Do they look evil, dissolute, "loose"? The idea is absurd. The majority are hard workers and keen on their jobs. They look healthy-minded as well as physically fit, and they are full of "grit."

They have faults, of course. They lose their tempers at times and say rude things to their critics. They make no pretence to be saintly. But one cannot mix with them day in and day out, and believe that they are rotten at heart. The notion is monstrous.

Here is a letter from a nurse in a military hospital:

The men in the ward have been discussing the question as to whether it is wrong for a soldier to take a girl out now and then—a visit to a cinema, or a cup of tea and a talk in the canteen. The question arises most in mixed batteries where the girls, too, are separated from their homes.

The married men admit that if their wives were to do the same sort of thing they would mind very much indeed. In fact, they say they wouldn't stand for it!

But they argue that with men it is different, and that an occasional outing does no harm and makes life pleasanter for both parties. Naturally they bar anything which would amount to unfaithfulness.

Personally, I see no reason why they should not enjoy an occasional evening's outing with a girl without any complications arising, but I doubt very much whether wives would feel the same way about it.

The root-idea behind the men's argument seems to be that there are different standards for men and women, and that is precisely what the suffragettes were out to smash when they fought for women's freedom years ago.

It was summed up in the old proverb about what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

If a man claims the right to have women friends he ought to be logical and make no bones about his wife's having other men friends.

Sense of Loyalty

Several years ago I printed a letter from a married man who thought that every man should have friends of both sexes. A great many readers agreed with him and pleaded for more freedom.

But a few readers were angry about that letter. Indeed, one woman reader cut it out, pasted it on a postcard, and sent it to me with the one word "Disgusting!" written underneath.

It will be noticed that the nurse draws the line. Friendship between the sexes must be kept within limits. More than once lately I have had to remind young people of the vows they made on the wedding day.

For twenty-nine men and women out of thirty the keeping of a solemn promise is a point of honour. Without the sense of loyalty civilised life would fall to pieces.

They Were Mighty Men Those East End

Among the voluntary rescue workers whom the people of the East End loved and trusted were their courageous local parsons

DID you know that, in many parts of London, very heavy raids were known as "Parsons' Particulars"?

The reason for the nickname was the terrifying courage shown at such times by East End parsons, and, indeed, clergy of all creeds and denominations.

A typical example was the Rev. Newton Sykes, of Holy Trinity Church, Stepney.

Time after time, Mr. Sykes went alone into houses that were badly ablaze to make certain that everyone was out. Once, when an oil-bomb exploded on the Royal Public House in Mile End Road, and the building went up in flames and began to collapse, Mr. Sykes crawled in through a side door that was burst open by the heat, climbed down into the basement, and only left after a thorough examination. Less than a minute after he emerged the whole place collapsed.

On another night, at the height of a great raid, Mr. Sykes, who is not a young man, was cycling as usual along the flashing streets, visiting shelters, when a bomb fell on a row of houses near Coborn Road Station.

The vicar was blown several yards off his bicycle and against a wall. He got to his feet and ran across to the scene of the explosion, where several people had been killed. He began to organise rescue work there.

After he had been there three hours a bomb dropped in Selwyn Road. Mr. Sykes ran there and helped to get out one dead woman and her badly hurt husband.

No one supposed that there was anyone left in the ruins. But the vicar went on scrabbling with his hands till he uncovered a baby's foot. This child, a three-year-old boy, was completely buried. They dug him out alive and almost unhurt, but he would have stifled in a few more minutes.

Mr. Sykes took this motherless baby to his own house and tended him for a week till his father came out of hospital.

HANDS DID NOT SHAKE

On one occasion Mr. Sykes was working when a bomb fell near, breaking both legs of another worker, and almost burying him. The vicar cleared off heavy débris, and then set both legs in splints improvised from broken window-frames, and dressed the wounds.

When the victim got to hospital the doctors remarked how well the splints had been made and fitted.

"That parson's a marvel," the patient said soberly. "While he was putting those on one explosive bomb fell thirty yards to one side of us, and then another the same distance on the other side. And his hands never so much as shook."

In the East End at that time we had heaps of heroes, but we liked our vicars to be vicars just then.

Father Johnson and Father Westlake, of St. John's, Limehouse, made a shelter of the vicarage basement, and about 100 people used it every night for several weeks, until the house was hit and it became unsafe. One room was bricked up and called the children's room. More than 50 children sheltered there.

If any serious emergency arose, one Father would call to the other: "Where is Tim?" Tim was their cat. No one ever discovered that that was a danger-signal; many times the children laughed heartily at the Fathers because "Tim" was there all the time."

During raids the Fathers used to travel about their parish comforting and helping, and serving cocoa, tea and soup. One shelter refused soup persistently; they were more afraid of that than of bombs; they said men could not cook!

One night, when Westlake was cycling on his rounds, a bomb blew him the whole length of Aston Street. More than half the buildings in that parish were completely wiped out; most of the rest are uninhabitable; yet only three people were killed! This was partly because great numbers were away in the Kentish hop fields.

Father Johnson testifies that, on occasions, he actually had to stop young fellows picking up incendiaries and using them as hand-torches during rescue work.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—4

By FRANK R. LEWEY

Mayor of Stepney during the Blitz

The East End Mission working under the aegis of the Methodist Conference, performed miracles in the blitz. Their mobile canteen has a history that would not shame a battle-tank, save that it went out to rescue, not to kill. It crawled over houses that had fallen into roads. It took short cuts across ruins. Bombs blew it this way and that; and East Enders swear that it used to put out incendiaries by running over them.

The Rev. Reginald French, Stepney Rural Dean, became famous for his courage and resource. Six feet three inches of muscular Christianity, he performed feats of strength that seemed impossible.

He tells a characteristic story about one of his parishioners, a social worker who confessed to being eighty-two, when she was forced to evacuate because her house was blown about her ears. "I made a most tremendous fuss about being "struck off the Fire Watchers' list."

The Rev. H. Ford, deputy to Mr. French at our parish church, was out during every bad night, and he must have covered hundreds of miles through the bomb-flashing streets on his way to help parishioners or to serve at the Mile End Hospital or at shelters.

He tells of trudging into the Old Church Road shelter in the small hours during a great raid. The place was a disused stable, warmed by a coke brazier, and the fumes were terrific, for it had no ventilation.

A tough individual in a scarf uttered a derisive laugh at seeing a clergyman, and, falling back, exclaimed: "Blimey! 'Sfirst time I've 'ad to sit down to-night!"

"You're luckier than I am," Ford retorted. "I haven't sat down yet."

There was a typical East End laugh from the people.

STEADYING INFLUENCE

Mr. Ford talked to them for a while and then turned to go. The scoffer quietly pulled his sleeve and said: "Will you say a prayer for us? We'd all like it if you would."

That was an example of many encounters.

Down in the toughest shelters in Stepney, on those nights when it seemed

# of Valo Clergy

The Rev. Reginald Fr Rural Dean, was f resource during

hat God had deserted just a myth, when des n the mood for desper ver Ford entered a pla baths and flying cards before he had bee minutes, someone woul broken only by explosiv you start your business

These voluntary w course, not all of the Christians either — w Without them the East gone down under the

Officials and men Home in Dock Street ishing feats against th now, what they mean "Sailors don't care."

VALIANT SI

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And I knew that L were past, and that H the spade to dig his

# of Valour—Clergy

The Rev. Reginald French, Stepney's Rural Dean, was famous for his resource during heavy raids

that God had deserted the world or was just a myth, when desperate men were in the mood for desperate things, whenever Ford entered a place the jokes and oaths and flying cards would stop; and, before he had been there many minutes, someone would say in a silence broken only by explosives outside: "Will you start your business now, Mr. Ford?"

These voluntary workers—and, of course, not all of them were clergy or Christians either—were superhuman. Without them the East End would have gone down under the terror.

Officials and men from the Sailors' Home in Dock Street performed astonishing feats against the bombs. I know, now, what they mean by the saying: "Sailors don't care."

VALIANT SEAMEN

Jack Rooke, one of their seamen, after hurling scores of fire-bombs with his bare hands from roofs into the street, slid down a pipe and began holding up bombs in the middle of the street to public auction, doing a brisk business. He was later lost at sea, but his courage will never be forgotten here.

Men playing cards in the basement of the Home several times had the cards blown out of their hands by blast. It was the custom to pick the cards up again with only good-tempered oaths, as any serious display of temper was considered poor morale! These were the men who ran our cargoes to Russia later.

Russia! Never shall I forget the Sunday morning when London, broken and tattered and defiant and grinning still, heard the incredible news that Hitler had swung the *Luftwaffe* eastwards, away from us and to its doom.

I was walking through the East End, passing ruins of decent places I had known, and watching the youths and girls in their cheaply smart Sunday outfits (worn to show everyone that Old Hitler hadn't knocked the heart out of them, and they could dress up and flirt still), and then I heard someone say the Germans had entered Russia.

And I knew that London's dark days were past, and that Hitler had taken up the spade to dig his own grave.

VOICE *of the* TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE story of a flight with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his wife, plus a little "magic" on return to base, is told in a letter from Cpl. J. Garvey, R.A.F., India, to his sister at Penarth Road, Bolton, Lancs.

"You're on duty at 10 a.m. to-morrow, Corporal," the pilot said one evening. "Paratroops?" I asked.

He grinned. "Yes, just two of them," and sauntered away with his secret. It all seemed a bit "hush-hush" to me, but we don't ask awkward questions.

Next morning, to my surprise, a Chinese man and woman arrived, gave us a bright "Good morning," climbed into the 'plane, and off we went.

Our two passengers were friendly and were soon asking questions and chatting like old friends. I got away for a moment and went along to the pilot to find out who they were.

"What's the idea?" I said.

"Don't tell me the paratroops have jumped out," the pilot answered with a twinkle. "Look after them well, they are General Chiang Kai-shek and his wife."

I thought he was leg-pulling, but he wasn't. Those two were the finest and friendliest people I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

. . . That evening, when we got back, a crowd attracted my attention. Pushing forward, we found it was a sort of Maskelyne and Devant show in the open.

The magician had a small boy wrapped in a bright coloured cloth. Putting this human bundle on the ground, he did a sort of jitterbug dance, shouted the weirdest cries, and then, hey presto! whipped the cloth away—and the boy was not there!

Then, from the top branch of a near-by tree, came the laughter and shouts of the little boy who had disappeared.

We were cold sober, and it wasn't "done by mirrors," and it left us guessing. A very clever show. This "Hey Presto" man would be a smash hit on the music-halls back home.

A R.A.F. Corporal found Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek the finest and friendliest people he'd met

TEA AND TOW

A note for motorists comes from Gnr. J. Bunker, B.N.A.F., in a letter to his parents at Addison Road, Guildford, Surrey.

Tell —— that the roads in these parts, although classified at "1st class," are terrible, and the local motorists are far worse than women drivers at home. They take dare-devil risks at such a speed that you would think that all the hounds of hell were after them.

However, we have our fun. Our truck broke down three days ago, and we were stranded up on a mountain road from 5 p.m. until 10.30 p.m. By 9 o'clock we were starving, as our last meal was at noon.

Happily, another truck rolled up and the lads took pity on us. Between them they produced a bit of margarine, some tea, a tin of milk, sardines, three eggs and a tin of spam.

After a royal feast we were towed home.

FAR FROM HOLLYWOOD

Going to the "Pictures" in the Middle East is different. L./Bdr. R. Currie, Persia and Iraq Forces, writes to his mother at Millerfield Road, Glasgow:

When we entered the town on leave there was a deep sense of mystery and a deeper smell, which we tried to ignore. After a drink, our first idea was to go to the pictures, and we were conveyed to the local cinema in a gharri, a vehicle something like an old hansom cab, but with a man in place of a horse. . . .

The star film we saw that evening was one we had seen at home about five years ago, but even that was different. It was hardly recognisable, as the beginning was missing, and a good part of the middle of the film had been cut out. Apart from that, this Hollywood epic broke four times during the showing. This made no difference to the natives in the audience, who gabbled loudly all through the film and clapped their hands at the slightest provocation. They may not understand what the film is about, but they are enthusiastic.

A good time was not had by all, and on the whole I prefer seeing the films at the local cinema back home.

CHANGE TO BRADFORD

Paraffin lamps and sun-bathing by day (when you can get it) is the picture of life at one spot in the Middle East, as snapped in a letter from L.A.C./D. Sutcliffe, R.A.F., to his father at Melrose Street, Great Horton, Bradford:

To-night I'm writing by the light of a paraffin lamp with which all our tents are equipped.

It's rough and ready, but not a bad life, and far healthier than breathing the smoke-laden air of Bradford.

We are near enough to the sea to get some sea- and sun-bathing.

Remember those advertisements "Handsome men are slightly sunburnt"? Well, I may not be handsome, but I am tanned all right!

PIG AND WHISTLE

Screams on board ship suggest something tragic, but here is the explanation in a letter from Seaman J. J. Rawlinson, H.M.S. ——, to his aunt at Fulbroke Street, Cambridge:

Four of our ships were tied up in the harbour at dusk, but it was not long before "Jerry" came over dropping stuff all over the place.

When the excitement was at its height there was a terrible screaming which rose above the noise and racket of the raid, and when things had quietened down we made a dash to see what all the screaming was about.

We found a big, oily engineman sitting on the deck nursing a huge, dirty pig, the ship's mascot, which had been reared from a suckling. He was stroking the animal's head, saying soothingly, "Now, now, Dennis (what a name for a pig!), it's all over now." At which the once screaming pig was slowly comforted and grunted his thanks to his very oily looking pal.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO TALK

IT'S so easy to talk and say what we would do if we were in someone's place. It's so easy to wriggle ourselves free of facts and let words and ideas take their place. It's so easy to run other people's affairs and to point out where they are to blame, but were we in their shoes we'd most probably find that we'd do exactly the same!

IT'S so easy to talk about anything, but it's so much harder to do. It's so easy to set the whole world right from our own little narrow view. It's so easy to misunderstand what other folk say, yet resent being misunderstood; it's so easy to think of others at fault and of ourselves as the ones who are good.

IT'S so easy to talk, and how time goes by while the talkers their ideas state. But what a noisy hinge conversation is when it lets swing loose life's gate. For if everyone talked about what they would do, how little would ever get done. For though the task that is tackled may not succeed, it's worth a thousand tasks not begun!

IT'S so easy to run down this and that, so easy to blame or praise. It's so easy to say, and so hard to stand by, the swift unthought-out phrase. It's so easy to talk and so hard to take back the things we have carelessly said, and sometimes we reap the tide of our words when those we out-talked are dead.

J. M.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Scores of fit men and women are inmates of workhouses throughout the country. They should be directed to work of national importance.—Ex-Porter, St. Helens.

* * *

It is stated that the R.A.F. urgently need 700,000 men for air crews. I was accepted for an air crew, but I was given ten months' deferred service. How's that?—"Puzzled," Shelleston, Glasgow.

* * *

A Manchester firm refuses to sell children's shoes because the material is so shoddy. If all retailers followed suit, leather would soon replace brown paper.—R. Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

* * *

A dying man was passed A1 for the Forces. The British Legion fought and won for him a 100 per cent. pension, but it was too late—the man died!—J. H. Scattergood, Crofton Road, Portsmouth.

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Obtainable from goodclass Chemists and Ironmongers

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THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

CB/A8

EGGS

5 DAYS A WEEK

—more than in peacetime!

It's a fact that you can have egg dishes oftener than before the war — thanks to dried eggs!

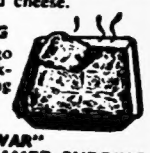
Dried eggs are the finest new-laid shell eggs, dried and packeted when they're absolutely fresh. None of the egg's goodness is lost. Give your family egg dishes often! Here's what you can make from one packet of 12 — the weekly allowance for a family of four.

2½ MINUTE OMELETTE

Allow 5 to 7 eggs for four people. Serve the omelette plain or with chopped parsley or grated cheese.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Make the Sunday joint go further by serving "Yorkshire" with it, using one egg.



"PRE-WAR" STEAMED PUDDING

A simple sponge recipe with 1 or 2 eggs makes a grand, nourishing "afters."

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Make this children's favourite extra nourishing by using 1 or 2 eggs.

VEGETABLE OMELETTE

½ lb. grated raw vegetables and 2 eggs form the basis of this delicious omelette — enough for four people.

You are allowed one packet of dried eggs per ration book every 4 weeks

DON'T MIX DRIED EGGS TILL YOU ARE READY TO USE THEM

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL

THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

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EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS

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Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks

Send 3d. in stamps to:
Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"

LAST LAUGH

SPINSTER (Bath).—"If I am not married it is not because I have had no chances." But you are not one to take chances?

C. S. (Aldershot). — "It is so fatally easy for a fellow to slip up in war time." But not on a banana skin.

MARK T. (Gravesend).—"If a woman's heart is in the right place nothing else matters to me." You are willing to tolerate eyebrows in the wrong place?

NEWLY-WED (Liverpool).—"Before the war ends I expect coupons will be demanded for every little thing a woman wants in the house." Except a baby.

A. McD. (Arbroath).—"My little son recently swallowed a three-penny-bit which he found on the sideboard, so do you know what I did?" Deducted it from his next Saturday sixpence?

SUSIE (York).—"I can't imagine the reason for his breaking off his engagement to me." Maybe he had decided he didn't want to marry you.

ANGLER (Lanark).—"The burly tramp came up to me while I was fishing, and demanded my catch." It must have been an awkward moment for you when you handed over the sprat.

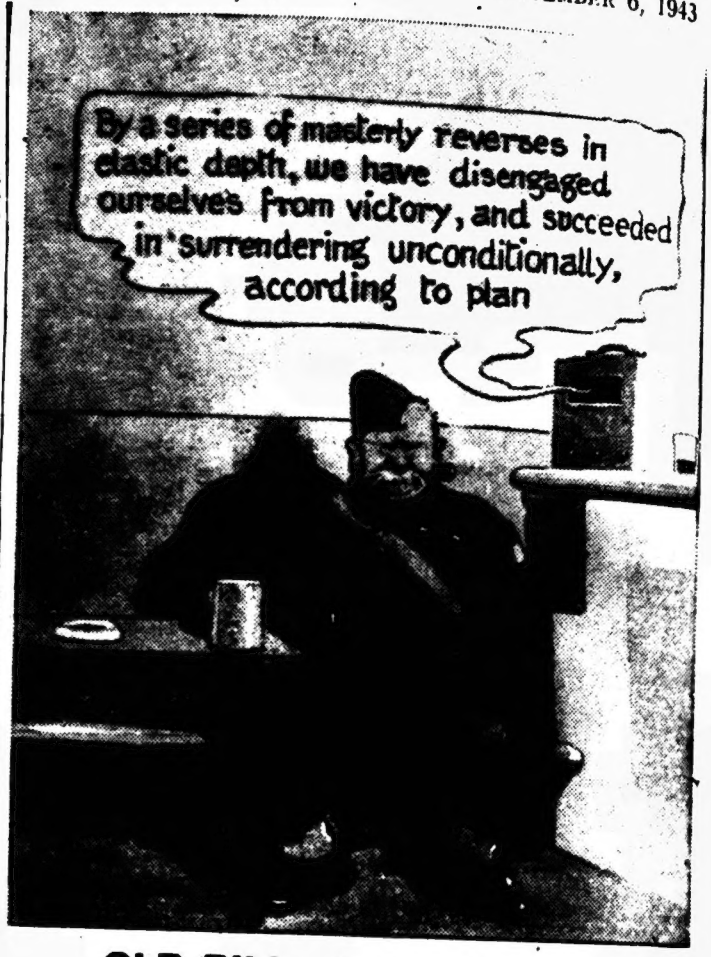
BRITISH (Hull).—"Where do we need education the most?" In our schools.

BILL (Boston).—"What does it suggest to you this craze of women for trousers?" They are out of skirts.

H. N. (Clapham).—"Few London detectives wear glasses." We understand, however, that monocles are occasionally issued from Scotland Yard for night club raid wear.

TEACHER (London, N.).—"One of my scholars said he didn't know who wrote *Pickwick Papers* or *Ivanhoe*." The Dickens he didn't! Great Scott!

V. S. (London).—"More and more maternity homes find themselves unable to accommodate mothers and babies." English landlords ditto.


By a series of masterly reverses in elastic depth, we have disengaged ourselves from victory, and succeeded in surrendering unconditionally, according to plan

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

Positively the last official German broadcast (when we come to it)

Side-Slips

EVENING EXPRESS:—"There is no question of Allied troops being pinned down to a narrow stretch of BEAST."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"... called upon the NEW-BAKED Prime Minister and asked for an explanation."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"For stealing two gun SITES valued at £4 10s. each ..."

GREATEST OF THESE

● The misfortunes of ex-Leading Seaman W. Williams, R.N., began with the great evacuation from Dunkirk, where he was wounded, and, unfortunately, troubles have piled up for him since his discharge from the Navy.

Since then he has tried to keep his modest little home going, but ill-health has brought matters from bad to worse, and a lump of shrapnel still embedded in his neck doesn't help things at all.

There are six children whose ages range from sixteen to three years. The eldest son worked at a local coal-mine, but recently was injured at work, which has meant that the family finances have not improved.

Mrs. W. Williams

Worse still, Mother is ill and has to travel several miles to attend a hospital for treatment.

The total income of the Williams family was £3 12s. a week. Out of this, rent accounted for £1 0s. 8d., and insurance 2s. 6d. a week.

But these figures do not tell the whole story, because illness, fares to hospital and other unavoidable items have meant additional expenditure which has become a nightmare to this family.

"Sheer ill-luck" is how the plight of ex-Leading Seaman Williams and his family, is described by a local man of some authority who knows the family. JOHN BULL has investigated this case, and found it a deserving one.

Will you provide much-wanted help for this man and his family? They deserve any assistance you can give them. Please send your donations to "Ex-Sailor" (or for our General Fund) to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We'll gladly acknowledge, where names and addresses are supplied, and—on request, send a copy of the current week's subscriptions. There are no deductions for administrative expenses, remember!

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,397

FIRST PRIZE £100

F. Tyldsley, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs, for this "Bullet":—

WHY BRITAIN LIVES FACED "UNCERTAINTY" WITHOUT "DOUBT."

£10: J. W. Rutherford, 37, Milton Terrace, North Shields.

Sonny's Boots—"Tanks," When Not "Submarines"!

£6: W. Toone, 52, Woodfield Drive, Gidea Park, Essex.

Only A Beginning—Victory—See *Humanity's* "Winner"!

£4: W. H. Cowmeadow, 167, Newmarket Rd. Cambridge.

Sonny's Boots—Barely Survived *Utility* "Stamping."

£3: Mrs. O'Dyke, 7, Richmond Ave., Shoeburyness.

Given The Slips—We Can "Carry" Europe.

£2: Mrs. E. Baird, Flat 4, Ravenroyde, Westcliff-on-Sea.

Why Britain Lives—Hurled Defiance, Pending Ammunition.

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 of 20s.:
B. Church, 163, Gelli Rd., Gelli, Rhondda.
As If By Magic—Sergeant Appears—Buttons Prodded!
F. M. Harriman, 23, Layton Rd., Leicester.
Her Little Bit—Butcher Pinned To Bill:
F. C. Haywood, 24, High St., Ironbridge.
Only A Beginning—Joad's "To Sum Up..."
A. Medd, Gill Green Cottage, Cawood, Selby.
To Everybody's Surprise—Mechanic Got *Mole* Started!
M. A. Minchin, P.O. Chelworth, Glos.
Dad's Harvest—Filled Sparrow, Not Barrow!
Mrs. M. Turnbull, 11, Leithen Rd., Innerleithen, N.B.
Something To Study—Auntie's Umbrella Gave Astrologer!
A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices! 3,250 Merit Awards have also been posted.

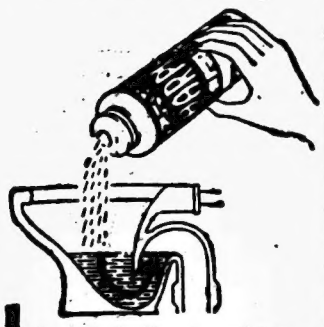
OVER 340 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 139

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order G—A—B—J, entered by following 17 competitors, who thus share £50: A. Beaumont, Loughborough; F. M. Brooks, Stokes Croft; Mrs. G. Clare, Runcorn; Miss M. A. Clare, Runcorn; J. Foster, Shipley; J. E. Gossage, Mr. Kenilworth; J. Meekin, Saltash; P. K. Jay, Doncaster; P. Jenks, Shepshed; J. Lilly, Corby; A. Macdonald, Gloucester; J. W. May, Sittingbourne; A. E. Mitchell, Chingford; J. B. Orr, Maryport; Miss M. E. Pearson, Rowe; J. Walker, Blackburn; L. K. Webb, Birmingham.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 92 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above; 2nd Runners-up Awards for 250 entrants with FIRST TWO.

£100 CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

How to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.

2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration — effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorises the whole pan.

Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

HARPIC

Why not Keep
HEALTHY HAPPY and FIT

HEALTH and fitness are what Britain needs from everyone to-day. Feeling well, cheerful, and youthful becomes a habit when you discover what these famous Bile Beans can mean to you.

Taken at bedtime, Bile Beans create "inner health" while you sleep. They ensure that regular elimination so essential to your well-being. They purify the blood, give you bright eyes, and a clear skin. They tone you up and improve your general health and your vitality.

JUST REMEMBER NIGHTLY

BILE BEANS

Completely recovered since taking Phosferine

"My husband has had a very long and intensive training and is now an instructor—which entails lecturing for ten to twelve hours daily. As he has always led an open-air life, he found the long hours of studying and being indoors particularly trying and at one time was verging on a breakdown. Since taking Phosferine he has completely recovered."
(*Signed*)
Mrs. B.A.N.,
Chiswick.

If you feel you've come to the end of your tether and your work is getting on top of you—try a dose or two of Phosferine. It is wonderful what this really great tonic can do. Ask your chemist for some Phosferine today!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(*Including Purchase Tax*)
2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE
(*Tablets or Liquid*)

Win a BIG CHEQUE for 4 LETTERS!

XMAS CAKES, TOO!

To all cash prizes won in this week's simple and amusing £50 Laugh-Lines Competition, "John Bull" will add a big 4 lb. Christmas Cake.

First enjoy a laugh or two over the amusing Bullets below. Then complete your entry as directed on coupon, making sure that it is in the post by Monday, November 15.

£50 CASH 1st. PRIZE
HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP!

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Award Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Ellingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Stronger And Stronger—Gossip, As Teapot Watered
B. One Crowded Hour—Giles Kissed Sweetheart Twice!
C. Hail, Rain, Snow, Fog—Father's Excuses—"Fog" Apparent!
D. Showed She Cared—Threw Rolling-pin, Not Cake!
E. Man Without A Heart—And Seven Valves, Neighbour!
F. After The Banquet—Speeches—Pity Salt Removed!
H. On His Feet—Grandpa—National Anthem Finished!
J. Fair Warning—Village Band Advertised Concert!
K. Dad Bought A Pup And—It Soon "Tasted Leather."

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page — or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST							
2ND							
3RD							
4TH							

FEE 2d PER COL. 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 27.

P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed.....
Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, NOV. 15.

143

OVER 340 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid, three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces eligible if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

You're bucked when they say—Yes! we have
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP
protects the home from germs

KH-60A-661 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly*. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

KEEP CHEERFUL!

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

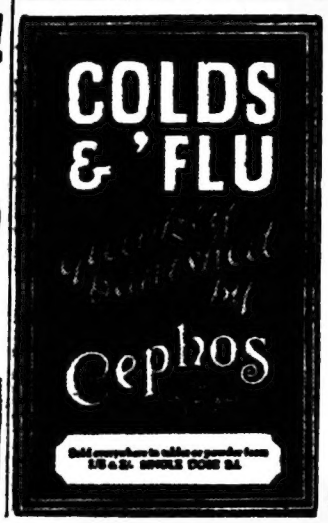
Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/3, 3/3 (*incl. tax*). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

"I don't worry about Backache, I take Doan's"



USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 26.

IN WAR'S DRAMA
HITLER'S WINDY, SO
GRATEFUL COUNTRY
ALL WE CAN DO
SMUTS
SIMPLY GRAND
THEY SAY
PATH OF PROGRESS
CAUGHT HIM NAPPING
OUR M.P. SPOKE AND

BULLETS 1,397 RESULT appears on page 14

NECESSARY STEPS
OUR HOME
IN WINTER'S GRIP
SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART
FOR SECURITY
NOT THE THING
OLD SCHOOL TIE
"I'M SORRY!"
MUST BE THE LAST
AUNTIE'S A FIRE GUARD, SO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

GOVERNMENT OF .....
FOR THOSE WHO.....
CHANCE TO.....
GRAND OLD.....
MAN WHO CAN'T.....
DAD'S PLAN FOR.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

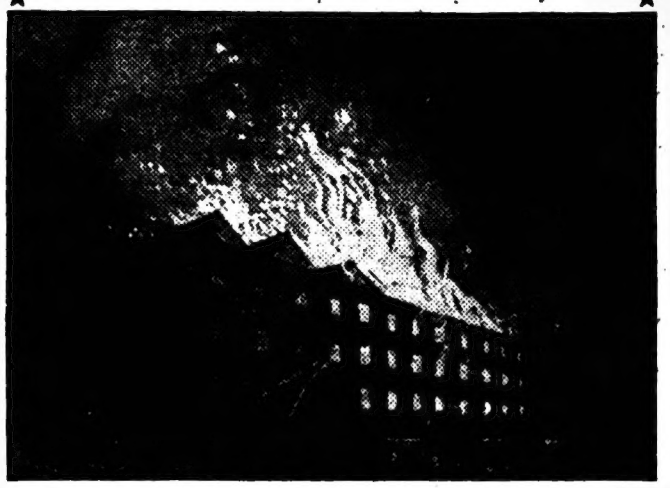
I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 27. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,401 Monday, NOV. 15
Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,401—or "Laugh-Lines" 143, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Fire Destroys Thousands Of Service Uniforms



THIS factory blaze destroyed thousands of bales of cloth, as well as vast numbers of Service uniforms in process of manufacture, and held up production for over 6 months. The cause of the fire was never discovered. Was it a cigarette end? Cigarettes and matches are responsible for most of the fires that are helping the enemy. Over 1,000 of them break out every day. So, whenever you throw away a match or a cigarette end, always be sure that it's out—really out.

You can't be too careful!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

Sufferer from

RHEUMATISM feels years younger

"After many years of suffering with rheumatic pains in my legs from knees to toes, I am now able after three tins of Fynnon Salt to do my own housework and war-time job. Fynnon absolutely drove out of my system the accumulation of uric acid and MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING. *I am 54 and feel years younger since taking Fynnon Salt."*

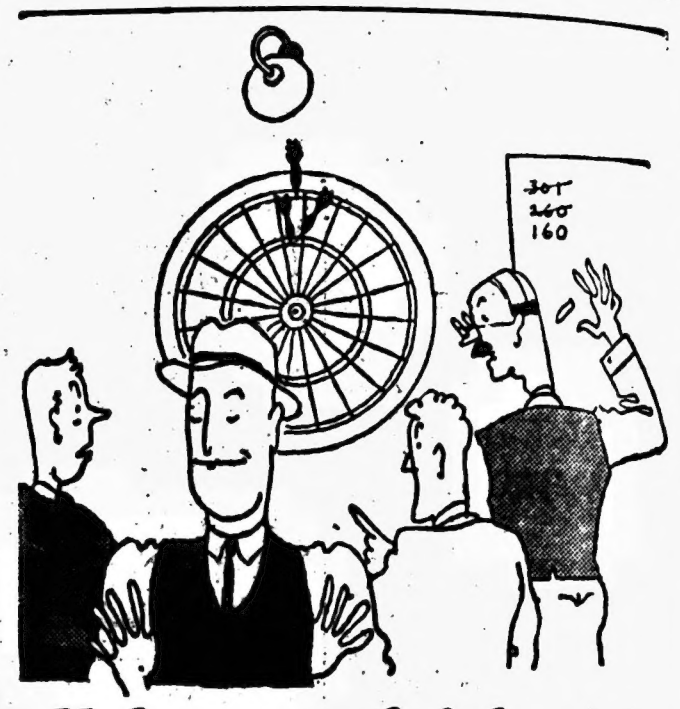
(*Signed*) MRS. M.C. of Hull

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and kindred troubles. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

Take Fynnon Salt

***If you suffer from* RHEUMATISM,**

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex 522



Make a real job of it

Aim for double and treble savings each week. You may already have some Certificates at 15/- each, and some of the earlier Certificates at 15/6 or 16/- each. First of all, bring your total holding in this Group up to 500 Certificates. Then plunk for the 250 £1 Certificates you are allowed. With good weekly totals you will soon pile up a war-winning score.

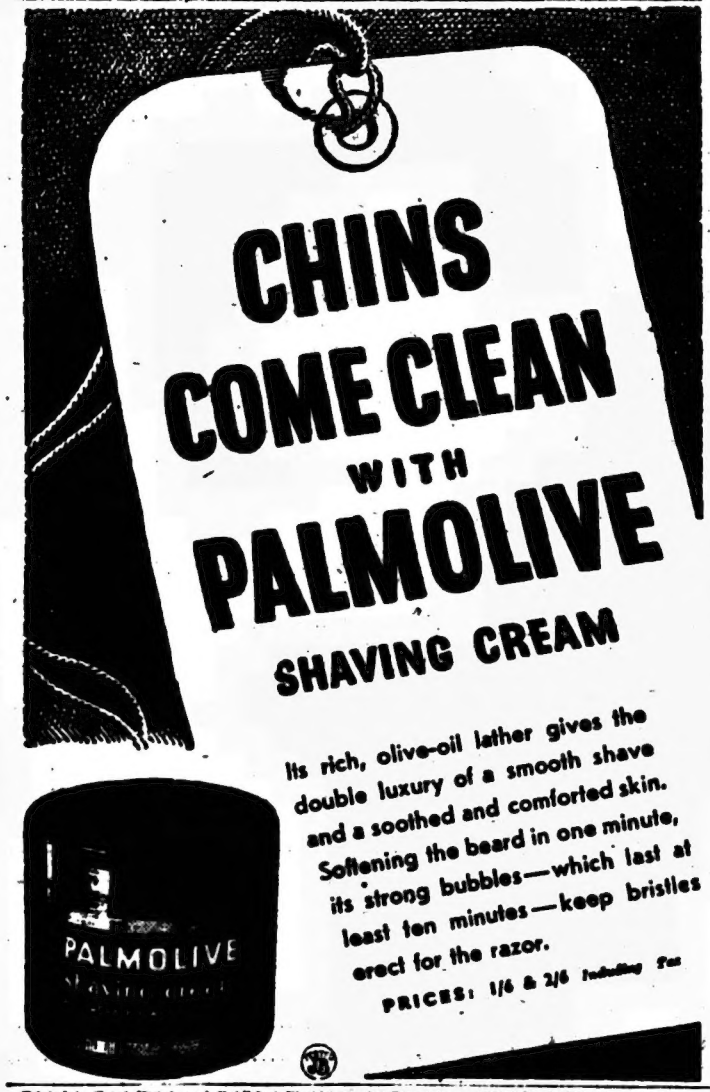
Score the maximum in SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

15/- CERTIFICATES become worth 20/6 in 10 years, equal to interest of £3 . 3 . 5 per cent. per annum free of Income Tax. Obtainable at any Post Office or Bank, or through your local Savings Group. Can be cashed at any time by giving a few days' notice.

£1 CERTIFICATES become worth £1 . 3 . 0 in 10 years, equal to interest of £1 . 8 . 2 per cent. per annum free of Income Tax. Obtainable at any Post Office or Bank, or through your local Savings Group. After the first ninety days from the date of purchase they may be encashed at a few days' notice.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

CHINS COME CLEAN WITH PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles—which last at least ten minutes—keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES: 1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

TIM GETS HIS VOICE BACK

"Feel too dreary to join in. This Larder-Guarding's getting me down. I'm not fit."

"Hallo! TIBS!—that's different"

"Now then, boys, another chorus from the Larder Guard Serenade."

TIBS "TIBS" are tasteless in the dog's food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants, 9d. Tins & 1/6 for 2/7

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the three-fold comfort treatment:—A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. *Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.*

Cuticura OINTMENT

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

It is the recognised Family Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Children's Coughs, 'Flu.

The Remedy That Lives Up To Its Name

9d., Family size 1/6 per bottle (*Inc. Pur. Tax*)

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